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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Industrially the world, at any rate the English world, is terribly out of joint. Hopes of a settlement of the cotton trade dispute are not bright, if not abandoned. The conferences of Sir George Askwith with the cotton-masters and the operatives failed to bring about agreement, and all that came of them was an adjournment of the deliberations until next week. The number of operatives locked out is steadily increasing; and the "Times" correspondent remarks on the growing distress. Yet he notes also the absence of disorder; which is in such striking contrast to the scenes in the Hull and Liverpool strikes.

One evident reason for the want of success so far of the conferences is the determination of the cotton-masters not to give way about non-unionists. It is the irony of fate that most of the distress so far is thrown on the non-unionists. In all probability the Lancashire cotton operatives would not on their own account be insistent on the unionism test. But the solidarity of labour is the key-note of agitations nowadays, and the cotton operatives are in touch with the General Federation of Trade Unions. It has been intimated to them from the Federation that the non-unionist question is too great to be left entirely to the discretion of any one section of trade unionism. Thus before long we may see the entrance of the Federation into the quarrel.

On Wednesday the three days' ballot began which is to settle the question whether the whole of the miners of Great Britain shall cease work. The point on which an answer is sought is the demand for a minimum wage for every man and boy working underground. Reports from all parts of England, Scotland, and Wales

dwell on the very great probability, from the temper of the miners, that the ballot will go in favour of a universal strike. The returns published so far are overwhelmingly on that side. While the coal-owners everywhere, as they would be, are against the general minimum wage, in South Wales, Northumberland and Durham, and Yorkshire especially, there is a division of opinion amongst the miners' leaders.

In Northumberland and Durham such leaders as Mr. Burt and Mr. Fenwick are against pressing for a general minimum. In South Wales, too, the older leaders have used what influence is left them in preventing matters being forced to extremities on this head; but the majority of miners are following those who advocate fighting tactics. Generally the coal-owners are prepared to consider terms for miners working in bad spots; but the proposal in the ballot includes everybody underground, from the actual miner to the boy who drives a pony. A three-fourths majority is necessary to authorise the Miners' Federation to call out the men. This, however, would not necessarily exclude negotiation; and several officials of the Federation have given opinions that a strike may yet be averted.

The Reform Committee of the British Medical Association, to judge from the Hammersmith meeting, would have a new Insurance Act altogether (the old Act being past repair)—an Act which will amend the Act of 1911 "in such a manner as to safeguard the interests of the medical profession as laid down in the 'Six Point Programme' of the British Medical Association". Mr. Percy Raiment reminded the doctors that they had been asked to wait for the Commissioners' regulations, which were to put everything right. But could the Commissioners give them what Mr. Lloyd George had forbidden in the Act itself?

Mr. Chesterton's definition of National Insurance is a delicious thrust at the Government. The National Insurance Act, so dear to the "Daily News", to Dr. Clifford, to all our Puritans, is nothing more nor less than a National Betting Act. All insurance, says Mr. Chesterton, is a bet; when you are well you lose, and when you are sick—no! you do

not win—you lose again. Mr. Chesterton might in vain have exhausted the resources of sober criticism in an attempt to "draw" the Government champions into an argument. But this betting quip bit deep into the flesh of the sensitive Radical; there was too much truth in it.

The story in the "Daily Mail" and the "Times" that the Government have bought an hotel is, we hope, too good to be untrue. The Hotel Asquith is said to be quite near Buckingham Palace. These Radicals—how intent they are to be at Court! But none the less they love to wreck what Burke called "the proud keep of Windsor"—the British Constitution.

It is the business, perhaps, of the chief Government Whip to be inflated. But the Master of Elibank seems just now to be inflated almost to the bursting point. His letter to Midlothian is grotesque. The excuses and vainglory about the bye-elections are cheap as they can be. The Master of Elibank bristles about North Ayrshire and about "buccaneers who raid constituencies on the election day to steal away the birth-right of the resident electors", and he boasts that his party has held its own in, among other constituencies, Govan!

The rest is a welter of turgid journalese. The Scottish Land Bill was "storm-tossed": the beneficent Insurance Act is "the great healing organisation scheme"—which is pretty good for a gaping and running sore: Mr. Asquith is a "dauntless" Prime Minister "giving effect to John Bright's aspirations" and "removing from our citizenship the intolerable stigma of the absolute veto of the House of Lords"; whilst Africa is "overseas". Perhaps "half-sea-sick" would fit still better this piece of "political alcoholism".

The Chief Whip dates his screed from Algiers and declares that Liberals can regard their prospects with "tolerable serenity". If he took a walk down Fleet Street just now and bought copies of the "Daily News" and "Daily Chronicle", he would find matters quite different. The "Daily News" is one day sneering at Mr. Asquith's new Aristocracy, and the next attacking bitterly the Secretary for Foreign Affairs because he does not bend an obstinate knee to Germany. And now the "Daily Chronicle" seems inclined to start on the same crusade. But the way to serenity when you are in political trouble is clear. It is by the P.L.M. to the South. The Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Attorney-General have all very wisely gone that way; and left Mr. Churchill to fight out the Home Rule question with the shade of his father on an Ulster platform.

We like Mr. John Burns' way better than the Master of Elibank's. Expected to take part at a meeting in Battersea, he simply gets a friend to say that he wants a holiday. He quite deserves a holiday too. This Minister has worked now for years with devotion on all manner of details in administration that bring him little into public notice. He is attacked—naturally, indeed, and yet rather contemptibly—by many of his old colleagues, but goes forward quietly and firmly with his business. Mr. Burns' career shows that after all a man can go to school very late on in life and yet learn a vast deal more than most men get out of the regular course of education. We hope his holiday will give him back his old health.

We suppose in the Union of Hearts the Kelt is woman and the Saxon man. Well now the woman is resolved to get a divorce, but, as Lord MacDonnell's instructive discussion this week shows, she wants besides (1) her freedom, (2) a large piece of her husband's fortune with which to set up her new establishment; and (3) the right to walk into his House and intervene there whenever she will.

By it, so far as we can make out, the husband loses almost everything worth keeping. He loses his money

and his reputation. The Nationalists argue—one of them hotly argued it to us the other day—that by way of recompense he gets rid of a troublesome mistress who has congested the business in his own household. But actually the wretched man does not get that benefit fully. She is to pop in and out of his separate establishment whenever she chooses—which will be when Money or Estimates, or when delicate affairs with other Houses in foreign countries are being debated.

Thus if not in theory, certainly in practice, she will be able from time to time to interfere effectively with his household after she has left it; whilst he may not set foot in hers! It is the most inhuman arrangement ever dreamt of. There may be divorce laws in devildom on these lines, but there is nothing of the sort among men—even across the Atlantic. England may be fool enough to find the money for the woman to go away and live her own life, the woman of hilltops—or hill-sides—but it surely can never be fool enough to suffer this popping-in-and-out. It is not only expensive and unfair; it is grossly immoral.

Mr. Balfour, in his speech at Haddington (his first speech, by the way, since he became a private member; and very cheerful), had something to say of spendthrift Radicals winning a way to place and power with denunciations of extravagance, and then scattering the public "shiners" as never before. What has become of all the old Radical talk of money "fructifying" in the pockets of the people? Since the general election of 1906 we have heard very little of the "fructifying" theory. Making every allowance for the increasing expenses of government, the Radicals, Mr. Balfour says, "just as they have betrayed their own ancient creed with regard to economy, have betrayed it in connexion with the multiplication of public offices".

At the west end of the Abbey Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's memorial is now seen in great company with Charles James Fox's. Hazlitt contended that Fox's forte was fact rather than imagination—Burke's great gift—and though it seems like a perverted view when we first light upon it, Hazlitt certainly supports his opinion with argument and illustration. We should not say that, in politics, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's forte was either fact or fancy. His is a very difficult reputation to place at all exactly. He was in no wise a first-class figure, a "flier", like Fox and Burke; or like Gladstone, Palmerston or Bright—and it is hard to discover wherein the forte of these especially capable statesmen and finished Parliamentarians of the second class truly exists.

Hazlitt's slight sketches of Fox and Burke are among the rare and good things—the too few rare and good things—in our literature about party politics and statesmen. They are for *οἱ χαριέρες*; and they are rarely read to-day. But what an object lesson was Hazlitt in the very failing he lamented—party prejudice! It was just the same in his day as it is in ours, perhaps worse. Where he deals with Burke and Fox he stimulates and delights us, whether we agree or not—and there is always plenty of Hazlitt for disagreement. But he touches Pitt, and we half despise the writer, for party feeling leads him to the grossest misjudgment. He puts Pitt at a lower level of intellect and character than Radicals put even Mr. Balfour a few years ago. It is strange that any very clever man should think it worth while to get into such a violent passion about personal politics.

Mr. Churchill, with his usual acumen, saw his chance at the Admiralty and has seized it. There was a clear-cut thing to do, and he has done it. Those whose business it is to go in warships had been saying for long that a Naval War Staff was wanted; and the public had caught the saying. So Mr. Churchill has done a big thing and a good thing, for which he is safe to get due credit. It will be a real gain to the Navy to have a body of trained thinkers who will be able to give them-

selves continuously to the study of war problems without risk of being called off at a moment's notice to attend to administrative details. Mr. Churchill has a flair for the thing that will tell: he never lets himself be sunk in the regular work of his department.

The controversy between Lord Roberts and Lord Haldane still continues, and last Monday we had the War Secretary's latest contribution. He appears to have shifted his ground; and now his arguments against the aims of the National Service League are based mainly on the point that no system of compulsion could possibly be accepted by any party in power for the simple reason that to do it would wreck them. Incidentally this appears to admit that Lord Roberts' premisses at any rate are correct. On one point we agree with Lord Haldane. He tells us that while the critics of his scheme maintain that the Territorials would not be capable of meeting regulars in the field, the same argument must apply to Lord Roberts' scheme. The six months' training contemplated by the National Service League cannot be compared with the two or three years' service in vogue on the Continent.

The "Army Review", by the way, for this month—issued by the War Office, though not, we are told, its "organ"—has a sentence that must surely have been meant for Lord Haldane himself. "It cannot be too often repeated that an army cannot be improvised" says the French General Staff in the official history of the National Defence (1871). The "Army Review", improving the opportunity, says "these volumes present a terrible object-lesson of the results of unpreparedness for war, and it is to be hoped that they will be read by all who still believe that it is possible for improvised bodies of troops to face regular soldiers with success in the field". Just so; our "terriers", with six months' training *after war has broken out*, against picked German regulars.

Really a girl would be a fool who took Lord Haldane's advice (Glasgow, Wednesday) and made her hand conditional on her young man's joining the Territorials. A maid of that heroic mould should go for real soldiering, not playing at soldiers.

So the Balkan Committee has at last learnt that the Young Turks are not saints. "The Committee have reluctantly come to the conclusion that they can no longer plead for a patient and sympathetic judgment of young (are the Young Turks young?) and inexperienced administrators faced with problems of government of exceptional difficulty." This is down on the Young Turks indeed. But it would not be Mr. Noel Buxton if he did not take himself seriously. The Committee winds up with a general confession that they have been totally deceived in the reformed Turks and that things are hardly at all better (if not a little worse) under the young régime than under the old. Well, it is something that the eyes of these simple gentlemen are opened at last. We congratulate them on having the courage to confess it.

New Portugal, loved of Dr. Clifford and his friends, has decided to open State gambling houses. The Republicans began by excommunicating Christianity; so now they are going to start "hells" of their own. Could not they wait for a few years?

Nobody gave the Caillaux Cabinet more than a few days to live, but who thought its extinction would come in so dramatic a fashion? M. Clemenceau's hand, as so often before, dealt the blow, but the person who furnished him with the weapon was M. de Selves, the retiring Foreign Minister. The Prime Minister declared "on his word of honour" that no financial or political transactions of any kind had taken place behind the back of the Foreign Minister. M. Clemenceau then asked M. de Selves if M. Cambon had not complained that negotiations had been carried on at Berlin behind

his back. This question M. de Selves asked the Committee to exonerate him from answering.

Then came M. Clemenceau's coup de grâce. "That reply may do for the Committee, but will not do for me, to whom M. de Selves has made confidential statements unsolicited on my part." Then followed a moment of extreme discomfort for everyone, the Committee adjourned, and M. Clemenceau left the room expressing his dislike of the foreign policy of the Ministry. This is an epitome of the account of proceedings given to the "Figaro" by an eye-witness. M. de Selves has clearly been in a position of embarrassment for some time, but he has not extricated himself with much credit. As for M. Caillaux, his credit has never, or hardly ever, been very high. Balzac wrote a novel called "une ténébreuse affaire"; the title might well be applied to the Franco-German negotiations.

The best that can be hoped for is that this business may deal a deadly blow at the sinister Colonial group, which have for too long pulled the wires of French policy. The German side of the question has not been creditably managed either. It is quite clear that sinister influences were at work behind to engineer the dispatch of the "Panther". The vital question for the world in general now is what will the composition of the next French Cabinet be. M. Delcassé could only accept the Foreign Office on the most exacting terms. This is not surprising, considering his predecessor's experience. A Clemenceau-Delcassé combination is talked of. It seems almost an incredible solution, but, if arrived at, would be a bad omen for the peace of Europe.

The German elections took place yesterday; but their general result cannot be gauged yet. Broadly speaking, they have been regarded all through as a fight between the Socialists and the Government; in other words, the Imperial system or revolution. The recognition of this really makes the Government secure; for practically everyone that is not a Socialist when it comes to a choice between Socialism and the Government prefers the Government with all its faults. No doubt on the second ballots some who are not Socialists will in private irritation at the Government for doing or not doing this or that will vote for a Socialist candidate; but they will not count for much. The turn of affairs in France must, one would think, have helped the Conservatives.

Affairs in Persia have rather halted during the week, and on the whole the situation is easier. But the permanent appointment of M. Mornard would be a great blow to our prestige. If the ex-Shah is to be interned under Russian supervision and pensioned by the Persian Government, it is the best way out of that particular difficulty. The Indian Government is preparing for contingencies, and holding a brigade in readiness to proceed to our sphere of the country. The Russian troops now in Persia number 11,000. Both Powers are absolutely right to run no risks. If troops are to be sent, there must be enough.

Is the break-up of China at hand? Western Mongolia, at any rate, has broken away—the fruit of a recent change of imperial policy in the distant Provinces of Mongolia and Tibet. The imperial Government tended to interfere more frequently and dictatorially in these Provinces, which had never acknowledged more than a nominal supremacy. Chief among the grievances of Mongolia against the Manchus was the attempt to colonise the Province with Chinese, driving the Mongols from their fertile valleys to the hills. Whatever happens now in China proper, Mongolia will not come back. Russia has immediately followed up the declaration of independence: the Chinese troops must be withdrawn from Outer Mongolia; an end must be put to the colonisation of the Province. Russia will "assist" the Mongolians to keep order; and there is word of a Russian railway from Kiakhta to Urga.

The Republicans under Dr. Sun Yat-sen do not seem to be behaving fairly by the Imperialists and Yuan Shi-kai. Obviously they are afraid of a representative National Convention. Agreeing to submit their case to the nation, they go on to ask that the National Assembly at Nanking shall be the arbiter—a body that has already elected Dr. Sun Yat-sen as President of a Republic whose constitution was to be a matter for debate. Yuan can not be expected to agree. A Republic in China is a leap in the dark at best—a Republic against the people's will would be a leap to perdition. The Imperial Family itself appears to take the gloomiest possible view of the situation. There may even be a formal abdication before the National Convention meets.

King George and Queen Mary sailed from Bombay on Wednesday evening. Certainly the visit to India has been successful, a big and varied programme carried through almost without a hitch. Unless we put the wrecking of the "Delhi" to the account of the Durbar, nothing terrible or grave has come of an expedition which actually caused many—happily found too wise—to doubt its wisdom. The wisdom of announcing the Delhi reforms through the Emperor himself, a question entirely apart from their merits, will be realised now that he has left. The Emperor has come; it has been a splendid spectacle; but what have we felt of his power or seen of his wisdom? These are the reflexions which close observers of the Indian people feared would follow his departure. The Edicts given forth at Delhi will answer them.

Some of us were beginning to be really frightened by letters that have appeared recently in the "Times" prophesying the sure destruction of some of the chief treasures of the Wallace Collection "under the invisible and certain action of the poisonous atmosphere of London". M. de Gontaut and Mr. Hamilton Bell wrote of sulphuric acid, hydrochloric acid, even of nitric acid, eating up Gouttière and his rivals wholesale. Lord Redesdale, writing for our comfort in the "Times" of Friday, will not even accept the chemistry of these experts. To begin with, the London atmosphere does not contain sulphuric acid, nor hydrochloric acid, nor nitric acid (save after a thunderstorm).

Moreover, the Wallace Collection is entirely immune against sulphurous acid, which exists in the atmosphere in infinitesimal quantities, and is entirely oxidised into the sulphuric acid which so greatly frightens Mr. Bell. Finally, having demolished Mr. Bell's chemistry, Lord Redesdale bludgeons him with a most ferocious citation from Descartes: "Les esprits subalternes n'ont point d'erreur en leur privé nom, parcequ'ils sont incapables d'inventer, même en se trompant". Mr. Bell and his friends, Lord Redesdale concludes, cannot therefore be "des esprits subalternes". They have invented an atmosphere.

The Lord Chamberlain has at last decided to put theatres and music halls on an equal footing as to the performance of stage-plays. The music hall managers will henceforth do lawfully what they have long made a regular practice of doing outside the law. This does not mean that theatres will immediately be turned into music halls, and music halls into theatres. Lawfully it would be quite possible, for a manager who wished to drive clean through the Lord Chamberlain's quaint stipulation as to the minimum six "turns". Practically, however, the music halls will go on as before, more confident for their undoubted victory; and the theatres will go on as before, losing their audiences a little faster. The Lord Chamberlain's decision, in fact, is as much crowning the victor as arming him for the fight. The Lord Chamberlain was never able to save the actor-managers from this rampant and triumphing movement towards "variety". Now that even this frail bulwark is down, they must depend more than ever on their own courage and initiative. So far these qualities have been more conspicuous in the enemy.

M. CAILLAUX'S COLLAPSE.

M. CLEMENCEAU has destroyed many Ministries; he may now add M. Caillaux's scalp to his interesting collection. But the fall of another French Ministry in itself would not interest the rest of Europe much were it not for the peculiar circumstances attending the collapse of M. Caillaux. One may be very sure that few figures in the sorry procession of Republican Premiers will excite less sympathy than M. Caillaux. It is clear that he carried on private negotiations with a foreign Power when his Cabinet was engaged in a most serious discussion with the same Power, that he made offers of compensation to that Power of which his own Ministry were ignorant, and that he employed a distinguished financier as his agent behind the back of the French Ambassador. He also appears to have acted in a similar fashion when Minister of Finance in the Monis Cabinet. In this case his action was even less easy to understand, and his right to interfere privately, if possible, even less. We trust we have seen the last of M. Caillaux on the international stage. He may be the kind of Prime Minister certain methods of Government involve, but he is certainly not the ideal representative of an allied Power. As for M. de Selves, he ought to have retired long before. The post of Foreign Minister was not one he was competent to hold, and he was never comfortable there. His disapproval of the Premier's conduct is easy to understand, but it is not in agreement with recognised standards of public (or private) conduct that he should give private information about his chief to M. Clemenceau, as evidently he did. Thus M. de Selves spoiled his own exit, which otherwise might have been decent, if not dignified.

The momentary sensation caused by M. Delcassé's acceptance of the Foreign Office is now replaced by anxious speculation as to what the new situation caused by the resignation of the whole Cabinet may involve. This Cabinet has indeed lasted much longer than was anticipated, and we pointed out some weeks ago the possibility that its speedy fall would be followed by the appearance of M. Clemenceau as head of a new combination. Dramatic fitness demands that, as the destroyer of the last combination, he should take office himself. Another possibility is the formation of a Delcassé Cabinet. The strongest possible combination in the circumstances would be a Clemenceau Cabinet, with M. Delcassé as its Foreign Minister. The existing situation is so menacing from many points of view that it is desirable, for the sake of France and her friends, to have a strong executive with a definite policy. Anything would be better than a drifting, helpless combination like the last, in whom from moment to moment no trust whatever could be placed. It had neither character nor policy. In these neither M. Clemenceau nor M. Delcassé is lacking. But of course the difficulties in the way of such a combination are grave. The personal antagonism of the two Ministers is notorious, and the appearance of either as Premier or Foreign Minister might easily be taken as a menace to Germany. M. Delcassé's ephemeral reappearance in his former rôle has already been interpreted in certain German newspapers as a "challenge to Germany". Certainly the combination of the two names might for a time cause some anxiety, but it is difficult to see how a better man could be found to settle the Morocco problem than M. Delcassé now that the Agreement is once signed. So far as Spain is concerned he was responsible both for the arrangement between France and Spain in 1902—to which we were not parties—and to that of 1904, to which we were parties. The most important and vital matters for the peace of Europe at the moment are the ratification of the Franco-German Agreement and the amicable settlement of the Franco-Spanish controversy. The undue prolongation of either dispute may be dangerous enough and lead to fresh interferences from without. Our Foreign Office has very properly shown its determination to stand by Spain, while it is certain that the late Cabinet in France were

not disposed to let Spain have more of the benefit of those agreements than they were obliged. In fact, there was a distinct disposition to try to induce Spain to make up to France what she had been obliged to concede to Germany. This, as is pointed out by M. Hanotaux in a very able article in the "Figaro", is the most foolish and short-sighted policy France could pursue. It is not to her interest to create another enemy for herself across the Pyrenees. It is also desirable that there should be union between French and Spanish interests in Morocco. This would not have appealed to the Colonial groups in France, but a new Cabinet, one hopes, may take a wider view of national obligations.

Still more important is the effect that any particular combination of well-known politicians in a new Cabinet may have on German opinion. The mere mention of M. Delcassé's return to the scene of his former activities may have its contre-coup in the German elections. It certainly cannot fail to be of some help to the Chauvinists, though sober and very influential organs of public opinion have taken it quietly enough at present. The real danger lies in the present temper of France and the probable action of the new German Reichstag. French opinion is at the present time very, perhaps pathetically, confident as to the result of a possible appeal to arms, and may resent the almost certain increase of German armaments as a menace. Were M. Delcassé in office any untoward incident might inflame German suspicion, which is keenly awake at the moment. No doubt it is directed even more at this country than at France, but M. Delcassé is well known to be particularly pro-English, and his reappearance in power would undoubtedly strengthen the Entente. Almost the same feeling might be aroused by M. Clemenceau, who successfully resisted Germany in the Casablanca affair. In fact, almost any possible combination in a new French Cabinet, if it include the strong men, can hardly in its general tendency make for peace.

It is not easy to get much cheerfulness from the general outlook on foreign affairs. It is dark enough. But no good can be done by the pitiful attempts to curry favour in Germany and vilify the Foreign Secretary which are being made by certain newspapers in this country. These demonstrations are taken for hypocrisy in Germany, and every well-informed German is aware that they have no real weight of public opinion behind them. The true difficulty of rapprochement with Germany is that she demands in effect an abandonment of other friendships, or rather will never believe in a genuine desire for good feeling so long as those other ties are maintained. And this in reality is hardly the fault either of Germany or ourselves. The force of past events, principally the possession of Alsace-Lorraine by Germany, makes France her permanent antagonist. This haunting fear of an anti-German combination is evident throughout the Bismarck "Memoirs", and is still present to the German mind. On the other hand, this nation will not tolerate that Germany or any other Power shall dictate who shall be her friends. The result is the present impasse, which is full of grave dangers for the world, and in these conditions the composition of the next French Cabinet is a more important matter than has been the composition of a French Cabinet for many a long year. This much at least the French Republic has gained.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

THERE is this value about General Elections—they make a clean sweep of the conventions of political warfare and bring us straight to fundamentals. So it has been with the struggle in Germany whose first stage ended yesterday. It has been a struggle between two forces, neither of which is Parliamentary; on the one side the Government, which is bureaucratic; on the other the social democracy, which is revolutionary. That fact grasped, the elections can be viewed in their proper significance. Grant, for the

sake of argument, that the polls show an upheaval comparable with our own 1906 election; even so, it will make no difference. For though there may be discontent in Germany the Empire certainly has no mind for revolution; and revolution, as Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg has reminded the electorate in his recent encyclical, is the only alternative to the present system. That system will endure, whatever the next Reichstag may be; and if the next Reichstag does not quite suit the system, it will speedily be dissolved.

But, objects the English critic, why this extreme antithesis? Why not Parliamentary government? Is it not a paradox to say that whichever side wins in a Parliamentary election, Parliamentarianism will stand no chance? The best reply to objections of this character is to review the situation. However much external complications, actual and possible, may weigh with the German electorate, there is no doubt that the dominant issue is the increased cost of living in Germany and its connexion with the financial policy of the Government. That policy, however, was proposed and carried through with the strictest regard for Parliamentary procedure. Prince Buelow's plans having been defeated in the Reichstag, the Prince resigned instead of dissolving. As a result of this apparent concession to Parliamentarianism—for the real reason that the fourth Chancellor resigned was that he could not get the consent of the Federal Council to a dissolution—the financial policy of the Empire was shaped by the majority, the notorious Blue-black bloc. It is the most unpopular policy ever known in Germany, and it has ruined the prestige of the Reichstag. Now that the elections have at last come, the Government ask for a docile majority which will advise and not dictate, while the Socialists are violently indignant with everything and everybody, and demand a complete change of system.

It is indeed rather remarkable that the Reichstag, having been given enough rope, should have so promptly hanged itself. But it must be remembered that the German Empire, like the Indian, owes nothing to Parliaments. It is not made by them, is not maintained by them, and will certainly not be shaken by them. There is something unparliamentary in the German temperament, and though in the eighties the Reichstag contained a good dozen men with the making of great Parliamentarians, though to-day the leading articles of the "Parliamentary" newspapers would do credit to the journalism of any country in the world, the idea has failed to grip the German mind. A very striking illustration of this is presented by the now famous article in the official "Nord-deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" denouncing the Social Democracy as enemies of German unity; and with it may be coupled the recent edict of the Prussian Government prohibiting the State railway employees from attending Social Democratic meetings. To an Englishman this procedure seems like breaking a butterfly on the wheel. First the Socialist party is itself rent in twain by the contest between the Orthodox, who maintain the old revolutionary programme, and the Revisionists, who are quite willing to get what they can out of society as at present constituted. Secondly, the Social Democratic party proper, though it has at least doubled its membership since the last election, is only about three-quarters of a million strong—not a fifth of the anticipated Social Democratic vote. These odd three millions are not revolutionaries, nor are they enemies of German unity. They are simply malcontents, and any Parliamentary Government would seek to conciliate them. But that is not the German Government's way. "He who is not for us is against us" is Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's first and last word to the electorate.

There are many Germans who regard this iron political discipline as out of date. Bismarck, they agree, having made Germany in spite of a Parliament, nevertheless was clear that he must govern with one. Its functions were strictly limited, but he recognised its utility as a means both of voicing opinion and of introducing into Bills the local modifications and exceptions required to make legislation work smoothly throughout

a by no means homogeneous empire. That was before the time when popular education and a cheap Press had made the working classes more or less articulate. To-day, however, Bismarck's plans are utterly ignored. So far from being a prevention of the Prussianising of Germany, the Reichstag, with its Prussian party of Conservatives as the one permanent element in a series of casual majorities, has become the instrument of the Prussian bureaucracy. "The German Empire", wrote a Liberal paper shortly after Prince Buelow's retirement, "has become Prussia—Germany and its intellectual frontier does not extend west of the Elbe."

Herein lies the secret of the undoubted discontent now rife in Germany. Not only has the Reichstag failed in its functions of advising and cautioning the bureaucracy, but the bureaucracy itself is too narrow. For all his love of efficiency, the German ranks character above everything; and character is regarded as the special quality of the Prussian aristocracy. To the aristocracy, however, character often means no more than the power to command. Business ability the true aristocrat regards with some distrust, and in Berlin society the business man, for all that he may be invited to Court functions, is a rare figure. This attitude of mind, which is responsible for the exclusion of Jews from the officers' corps, as well as for various errors in German diplomacy, has affected the bureaucracy, whose higher posts are almost a monopoly of Conservatives. Bankers, it is true, have little to complain about, for the bureaucrats understand that capital is essential to the success of their expansionist schemes. But business men complain that their representations on commercial treaties and similar matters are listened to without the least sympathy, the officials apparently regarding them as actuated by purely selfish motives. Official Germany rightly holds the Manchester school in abhorrence, but is rather too ready to assume that all commercial men are tarred with its money-making brush.

The National Liberals, undoubtedly a rising force in Germany, are the party of bureaucratic reform. They hold that the Government is at present too agrarian in spirit, and that its policy lays even too much stress upon man-power and too little upon money-power. Realising how much Germany has changed since the establishment of the Empire, the Government inclines to respect their criticisms, and if the second ballots give the party a considerable increase of strength the new Reichstag will probably be of some importance in German history. Hitherto, however, National Liberalism has failed to assert itself, in spite of very favourable circumstances. The Emperor himself has set the example of showing honour to the great industrialists, and Prince Buelow did his best to acknowledge their party's keen support of the new naval policy. Twice he endeavoured to give National Liberalism a voice in the Government. First came Count Posadowsky, whom the Prince had to sacrifice to the Conservatives. Then Herr Dernburg fluttered the political doves, helped to win the 1907 elections, but fell as a consequence of Clerico-Conservative opposition.

Still, in Germany the Government gets its way. In 1907 the quidnuncs laughed at Prince Buelow's idea of governing with a Conservative-Liberal bloc. To-day the emergence of such a bloc is tolerably certain; all that remains is for the Centre to make terms with it. Probably it was with a view to the consolidation of Right, Centre, and Moderate Left that, though fully aware that it is only for second ballots that bargains are struck, the Chancellor issued his appeal for co-operation against the Socialists before the first ballots had taken place. The most unsatisfactory feature of the situation from the Government's point of view is that the Centre's alliance with the Conservatives has greatly weakened its prospects in the towns, and the Chancellor is obviously afraid that the National Liberals, who are, after all, Liberals in spite of the epithet, being thoroughly disgusted with the new taxes, will join hands with the Socialists rather than support a Centre candidate.

On this point the interest of the election turns. If the National Liberals do well in the first ballots they will have a fortnight to secure terms from a Government willing to oblige; if they do badly they will vote Socialist on the 25th with a view to bringing an impossible Reichstag to an early end.

THE INITIATION OF A NAVAL WAR STAFF.

PERHAPS the first question which the ordinary intelligent man will ask with regard to the Admiralty memorandum on a Naval War Staff is—What is the Naval War Staff to do? What is its precise function? Its function will be to make a special study of the operational side of war in contradistinction from its technical and material side. One of the great defects of the Navy at present is the lack of thought and of continuity of thought in tactics, strategy and war operations. An admiral is appointed to the command of the Home Fleet. During his first year he is absorbed in administrative work, and it is probably not till his second year that he begins to pay attention to tactical and strategical problems. But he has no body of doctrine to assist him; nor has he any assistants specially trained in such work. He probably reflects what his predecessor has already done. Then comes his successor and does it all over again. There is the same lack of continuity with regard to the study of war operations, and there are no systematised methods of war direction. The machinery of a Staff organisation has been framed in order to supply this deficiency, but it must not be considered as anything more than a framework. The real problem is the collection and training of a body of Staff officers. Still the appointment of a Chief of Staff responsible for the study of war problems and unhampered by administrative work will tend towards a co-ordination of thought and effort. But the gunnery and torpedo schools were not created in a day, and it will take some years to create a true Staff, though its function is clear enough. It is really an expression of the growing complexity of modern warfare and modern industry. In the last forty years, the enormous strides made in things technical and material have absorbed a large part of the mental energy of the Service, with the inevitable result that while great attention has been paid to the mechanism and construction of guns and ships, the science of their actual application—for this knowledge is big enough to make an entirely separate science—has been largely neglected. The Navy and Army differ from every other big business in that they only occasionally perform their business. It is the work of a Staff to study just exactly what that business will be, and to ensure its intelligent direction in time of war.

The War College has certainly done something in this direction, and its work must not be depreciated. It is in fact a very essential part of a Staff system. But its work is greatly discounted by the shortness of the course (only three months) and the mature age of those who attend it. A number of the officers (most of them post captains) who go there simply look upon it as a full-pay oasis in the arid plain of half pay. This reacts on the spirit of the place, for one dare hardly be intelligent for fear of being called a dreamer by the unintelligent "bloc". It is almost impossible for those outside the Service to appreciate how the study of war and of war direction has been neglected in the past. Up to 1900 the word tactics was attached to the performance of certain quadrille movements which had no earthly relationship to the realities of battle. A good deal has been done to improve matters, but the Navy lacks original thinkers to sift its work and embody it in clear and simple principles. Or if we have such men, they lack time and leisure. The name and mechanism of a War Staff are only the first step on the journey. We have not yet got a real Staff, and the first duty of the Staff, when we have it, will be to evolve itself by a process of gradual evolution. We must endeavour to create a certain type of mind—

keenly critical and outspoken, but honest and loyal. But the genius of the British officer lies not in criticising and investigating but in action—in doing things and not in thinking. The naval mind is severely practical, and the practical mind is often an unresilient mind which not only has no desire to investigate things, but is perfectly incompetent to perform such work. Again, much of our best talent has been switched on to technical lines, and, working constantly amongst things material, it seems to find difficulty in moving easily in immaterial spheres of abstract thought and expression. The first business then of the War Staff will be to switch a certain proportion of the younger talent on to the subjects of war, tactics and strategy.

The first paragraph of the Memorandum where a comparison is drawn between war on sea and war on land is weak because it confuses the routine work of a Staff with its higher functions. Transport problems are of course radically different on land and sea; but transport problems are largely matters of routine calculation. It is true that these matters do not require so much calculation in the Navy, for every ship is self-contained, and transport by water is simpler than transport by land. But so far as higher problems such as commerce-defence and invasion are concerned, the Navy has just as much to do as the Army. The Naval Staff officer certainly does not need to worry his head over long march tables, but on the other hand the technical problems he has to solve are more numerous and more varied. Looking at the organisation of the Staff, the principal relationship to consider is that of the Chief of Staff to the First Sea Lord. The former is to be directly subordinate to the latter, and his duties will be advisory and not executive. This is as it should be; but it must be clearly understood by the First Sea Lord that the Chief of Staff is a real and important entity, and not a mere figurehead to supply arguments for preconceived ideas. The relationship of the Chief of the Staff to the President of the War College is to be one "of close touch and association". This is somewhat nebulous, and is made still more so by the fact that the present holder of the War College appointment is a Vice-Admiral, while the Chief of the Staff is a Rear-Admiral. The Memorandum makes it clear that Staff officers will be a branch of specialists and will be on the same footing as other specialists. A great number of naval officers look with suspicion on the word "Staff", because they imagine it will be used as a kind of "open sesame" to command.

A careful distinction must be made at the very outset between "Staff" qualities and "command" qualities. Staff qualities are intellectual, and include a critical scientific mind and a circumferential view of things. Command qualities are largely moral and include decision, common sense, energy and nerve. These latter qualities will just as often be found outside the staff as inside it, and Staff officers must understand that their selection and training will give them no more claim to command or to promotion than any other form of specialism. In fact there is no great danger of their thinking it will, for presumably on attaining the rank of captain a Staff officer would be merged once more in the line of general work. Again, Staff officers must not be divorced from the sea. They must not be left too long ashore—a defect conspicuously evident in the case of many gunnery and torpedo specialists. The fourteenth paragraph of the Memorandum discusses the selection and training of Staff officers, and this is the crux of the whole question. What is wanted is a critical investigatory type of mind, and in the officers selected to be the first instructors this must be combined with real enthusiasm and interest in instructional work. The Memorandum talks of "passing the necessary examinations at the War College", and here there seems a danger of the examination-fetish creeping into the system. An examination is at once the easiest and most fallacious method of testing ability. There should be as few examinations as possible. Problems should be set for investigation, principles explained and criticisms encouraged. Merit should be estimated by an officer's general work and by essay-writing, not

by examinations which are unsuitable for a Staff training whose object is to equip with faculties, not to load with facts.

What is wanted in our Staff officers is the critical mind, and the men whom the average captain, hating criticism, would be the last to recommend are possibly the very ones who ought to be selected. Officers who cannot think and write will never be able to initiate a Staff. The First Lord has supplied the Navy with a good Staff house. It is now the business of the Navy to fill it with a good Staff type.

BROKEN CHINA AND THE NEW REPUBLIC.

IT would probably be unfair to attribute the defection of Western Mongolia and the menacing outlook in Tibet directly to Republican influence. The disaffection of which they are an expression is due in large measure to recent attempts by Peking to assert an authority which is extrinsic to the Chinese concept of Imperialism. The mutiny and withdrawal of the Chinese army of occupation in Tibet may open a way for the return of the Dalai Lama; and a conviction that the Manchu dynasty is tottering to its fall may have encouraged the Mongols to declare themselves independent under a native Khan. But the ground had been prepared by recent attempts to translate a suzerainty which once found expression in tribute and adulation into a more stringent rule. Provinces and Dependencies had been wont to govern themselves more or less independently in proportion to their distance. Every official, from a Governor-General to a magistrate, received his appointment direct from the Throne, within the limits of China Proper; though every province possessed a large measure of administrative independence, collected its own taxes, and paid subsidies to the Imperial Exchequer. The right to determine the amount of these subsidies has been strained, lately, in the attempt to meet increased expenditure due to foreign loans and innovations; and violence was done to the theory of administrative independence by the attempt to impose a system of State railways in the teeth of protestation by each province that it would make its own. Interference in Tibet and Mongolia has been different in kind, but inconsistent equally with the theory of domestic freedom. Attempts have been made to impose fresh taxation, new methods of education, fresh conditions of military service and, generally, to exert an authority which was resented, probably, as much as the novelties it was sought to introduce. The Abbé Huc noted, sixty years ago, that an advancing wave of Chinese colonisation was driving the Manchu herdsmen off their plains. It would appear that similar influences have been at work in Mongolia, as Russia is said to have requested China, last year, to desist from methods of colonisation by which she was dispossessing the Mongols of their fertile valleys and forcing them to remain on the grazing uplands. China demurs that subjection of its policy to Russian approval means an interference with her "sovereign rights"; but while she is debating the theory, Mongolia is slipping from her grasp. Russia is probably sincere in professing that she has no desire to detach Mongolia from Chinese sovereignty so long as China is content with the more or less shadowy supremacy she has been wont to exercise, but Russia cannot be indifferent to the welfare of a great region adjoining her frontier. If the Imperial Government had endured, an understanding would probably have been reached; but the effect of substituting the new vintage of Republican theory for the mellowed wine of Imperial tradition is that the Empire is in danger of disintegration. What inheritance have Urga and Lhasa in Sun Yat-sen? What portion has Tibet or Mongolia in a Republic? Besides, "one is far apart, and one is near". Is it likely that a Mongolia which has cast off the nominal protection of China will escape the nearer and more powerful influence of Russia? Would not Tibet have been prone to come under the influence of India if the conditions established

by Sir Francis Younghusband, as the fruit of our expedition, had not been thrown away? The Tibetans were quite disposed to be friendly with the British. We handed them over instead to the tender mercies of China which they hate. The pretence of Chinese suzerainty seems to have been thought diplomatically useful. How long will it now be kept up?

The outlook is hardly satisfactory to those who regard the integrity of the Empire as an international interest. Nor can it be said that the progress of events is calculated to excite hopes of a speedy settlement within the Central Kingdom itself. The offer of the Throne to submit the question of the future form of government to a Congress of delegates from all the several provinces, duly elected for the purpose, appeared to onlookers to be exhaustive. Refusal must imply not only a foregone purpose but uncertainty whether the nation would really endorse the Republican principles that the Revolutionists so confidently assert. The offer was not refused; but request was made that the decision should be left to a certain Assembly now sitting at Nanking instead of to a duly elected Congress! Now Yuan Shih-kai may or may not be right in his belief that seven-tenths of the people of China are predisposed in favour of the Imperial concept. The Revolutionists may or may not be convinced that they express the prevalent wish more truly by insisting on a Republic. It may or may not be true that hardly one in 100,000 of the people of China knows what a republic means. But diplomatic opinion at Peking appears to sustain Yuan's objection that an irregularly elected Assembly which has since manifested its bias by electing Dr. Sun Yat-sen Provisional President of a Republic, is insufficiently representative and independent to decide a matter of such supreme national importance. It is necessary to examine a little closely the records available in Shanghai papers, in order to ascertain precisely what has taken place. Nineteen delegates, it would seem, from eight provinces (Anhwei, Kiangsu, Hunan, Hupeh, Chekiang, Fuhkien, Kwangsi, and Shantung), holding proxies from three others (Kiangsi, Kwangtung, and Kweichow), and reinforced by one delegate each from Chihli and Honan which have not yet declared independence and who were allowed to speak therefore but not to vote, drew up and adopted at Wuchang, on 3 December, Articles of Confederation for the Provisional Government of a Republic. These regulated (1) the election and powers of a Provisional President; (2) the constitution and powers of a National Assembly; (3) the constitution of Executive Boards; and provided (4) that within six months after the establishment of the contemplated Provisional Government, the Provisional President should call a Convention of the people, by whom presumably the Constitution should be determined, as it is provided that the Articles "shall become void from the day when the Constitution of the Republic of China comes into full force". Two days later, on 5 December, "Representatives of Hunan, Hupeh, Kwangsi, Honan, Shantung, Chihli, Fuhkien, Chekiang, Anhwei, and Kiangsu" telegraphed to the Revolutionary Authorities at Shanghai that they had decided on these rules; that they had jointly passed a resolution that the Provisional Government should be established at Nanking; that all provincial representatives must assemble at Nanking within seven days; that if more than ten provincial representatives were present a Provisional President of the Republic would be elected; and requesting that the provinces of Kwangtung, Kiangsi, Yunnan, Szechuen, Shansi, Shensi, Kansuh, Kweichow and the three provinces of Manchuria might be notified to appoint representatives to proceed to Nanking accordingly. Now it is desirable to note, in estimating the degree of authority represented, that delegates from eight only of the 22 provinces into which China is divided were actually present at Wuchang; that one of these, Shantung has since returned to its allegiance, thus reducing them to seven; and that of the ten named as telegraphing neither Chihli nor Honan (besides Shantung) had declared for the Revolution—how revolutionary soever they may feel. How many of the provinces adjured sent

delegates in response to the invitation, we do not yet know; but it is safe to assume that, in the case of distant ones, response was impossible within the seven days given. It was, at any rate, by an assembly constituted in pursuance of these arrangements that Sun Yat-sen was elected Provisional President, so that the doubt expressed in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 16 December as to the ultimate acquiescence of the twenty-two provinces in the principle of a Republic or in their ultimate agreement on the choice of any single personality for the Presidency appears still admissible. It may be remarked, of course, that the election is ephemeral, and can be confirmed or undone six months hence. But it becomes important to consider the nature and constitution of the Assembly when we reflect that it is to it, instead of to the Congress contemplated by Yuan Shih-kai, that the Revolutionaries insist on the decision as to the future form of Government being left. It is difficult to see how he can yield, or what further concession he can be expected to make—unless it is believed that he will advise the dynasty to abdicate without further ado. Every condition named by the Revolutionaries seems to have been accepted, short of the supreme act of vacating the Capital and the Throne. But it is precisely upon that issue that their Representatives seem determined to insist. If they would be content with the extrusion of the Princes and the emptying and cleansing of the Palace and all that it implies, they would probably be met: Yuan would hardly fight for them. But a great volume of sober opinion will assuredly sustain him in upholding the monarchical ideal until a contrary decision has been expressed by an Assembly more deliberately chosen and more certainly and widely representative than that which has just set up a Provisional Republic at Nanking.

TARIFF REFORM AND THE 1911 RETURNS.

THIS shyness that has fallen on the fiscal standpoint is natural and instructive. We have looked in vain during the past week for some authoritative exposition of the attitude of the Free Traders towards the teaching of the trade returns. In former years there was no dearth of jubilation over the alleged discomfiture of the Tariff Reformers. Why this sudden silence now? Where are the economists and statisticians who during the trade boom experienced no logical difficulty in proving that the expansion in our export trade was related to our fiscal system, and not at all to the boom? The boom has slackened. Our industrial condition is notoriously worse than twelve months ago. The relations between labour and capital are daily growing more strained. Strikes have been more numerous and extensive than for many years. If unemployment, in the Board of Trade sense, is low, the amount of short time in our principal industries is larger than ever. The imports of raw materials for consumption in British industries are shown in the trade returns to have declined, and prove therefore a corresponding diminution in the output of our factories. Prices of necessities having steadily risen, the purchasing power of the wages of labour have declined. Capital resists the pressure for higher wages because it realises that the margin of return upon capital invested in British industries is now so fine that further encroachments upon that margin may make it vanish. The only alternative is to increase prices; which might leave the last condition of labour worse than the first.

In these circumstances some other explanation than good times owing to Free Trade must be found for the apparent contradiction between the known phenomena of the condition of British industry and the further increase in the export trade. The fertile imaginations of the Free Traders have failed them. All have avoided the question. All, that is, save our "evergreen, incorruptible, die-hard Free-Trade" friend, the "Westminster Gazette". The "Westminster" repudiates the suggestion that Free Traders have ever alleged that the expansion of our export trade in recent years was proof

of the exceptional suitability of our fiscal system to British needs and conditions. It proceeds, however, to suggest that Tariff Reformers, and above all Mr. Chamberlain, rested their case entirely upon the stationary character of British foreign trade. That was in 1903, when Mr. Chamberlain was justified in drawing attention to the stagnation in the export trade during the previous thirty years. But it is unfair to the Tariff Reform leader to suggest that he rested his case entirely on this fact. In the very speech from which the "Westminster Gazette" culled this sentence Mr. Chamberlain emphasised the many times greater importance of the home trade. Knowing, as he then did and said, that the home trade was five times as large as the export trade, Mr. Chamberlain appreciated that a very large increase in foreign trade might accompany a relatively small decline in the home trade and show no great change in the total output of our industries. What every Tariff Reformer is concerned with is the condition of our whole trade, not only that smaller part of it which is reflected in our export trade.

We have always advocated a reversal of our fiscal system on totally other grounds than those which are specified in, or might be inferred from, the Free Trade papers. The case for Tariff Reform has nothing to do with the state of trade at the present time. Good trade does not prove that Tariff Reform is not wanted any more than bad trade proves that it is. The objects we expect to secure are set out in the Birmingham resolution which was adopted by Mr. Balfour, as leader of the party. The pressure of taxation is excessive. Yet the commitments of both parties to social legislation would add indefinitely to the existing burden. New sources of revenue must be found if the pledges of the political parties are to be fulfilled. Under our present fiscal system, which compels every Chancellor of the Exchequer to impose heavy duties on a limited few articles, additional revenue is impossible, however high the rate at which the tax is levied. Moderate duties on a larger number of articles would be more productive, and would secure a revenue from those who at present escape taxation by avoiding the consumption of dutiable articles. The trade returns, with their record of increasing exports, show no sign of greater ability to bear the further burdens which the future has in pickle for the taxpayer. As a remedy for this undoubted defect Tariff Reform unquestionably holds the field as against Free Trade.

In the second place the condition of our home market is far from satisfactory. Every year sees an increasing importation of goods in an increasingly advanced stage of manufacture for consumption in our own home market. In the main these are not luxuries, but rather manufactures of a kind we might and ought to make here. Their consumption leads to the displacement of home-made goods either similar to or such as might be substituted for them. To a certain extent this may be the explanation of the large reduction of £13,000,000 in the imports of raw materials last year, a fact which is all the more striking in view of the further increase of £23,000,000 in the exports for the year. If raw materials imported have diminished, the output of British industries must have declined. Seeing that the exports have increased this must imply a very large reduction in the consumption of the home market. This is scarcely surprising in view of the greater increase of prices of necessities in recent years than of wages. The surplus available and formerly employed for general purchases has dwindled, and the effect is felt on all classes of producers.

When the Tariff Reform campaign was begun, attention was prominently given to the relatively smaller expansion of British compared with foreign exports. At bottom the power of our diplomatists abroad is measured by our economic interests, and these again by our trade interests. The decline in the proportion of our exports to any country, compared with that country's exports to us, means a serious weakening in our diplomatic representations. The trade movement in recent years is towards a shift of the centre of gravity of international trade from this to other countries. Our

market, and to a large extent the markets of the empire, have been allowed to become the happy hunting-grounds of foreign commercial exploiters. It was possible, and it is still possible, to reserve a large part of these markets for our own and Imperial producers. Had we done this in the past, the expansion of foreign manufactures could never have pressed us so hard.

A LIVING WAGE.

STRIKES and rumours of strikes, lockouts and rumours of lockouts, are the order of the day, and of the night. The menace of another and a worse railway strike has hardly lifted before cotton is in a state of war and coal preparing for it—necessities of life every one of them. So serious is the outlook, and so depressing, that one is tempted to wish for some strong autocrat, some overwhelming power, to take the contending parties by the collar, as it were, and make them come to terms. A plague on both your houses is naturally the consumer's cry. Whichever is right he will lose; whichever wins he will pay. Seriously one cannot help feeling that there ought to be some means of compelling masters and men to settle their differences in some other way than by fighting. Fighting may be the best settlement where the war and its consequences can be confined to the belligerent and responsible parties. If they suffer, they at any rate knew what they were in for when they elected to fight. Suffering is sometimes not only unavoidable but beneficial. But it is a very different thing when private quarrels drag into the trouble innumerable others who have nothing to do with the dispute and desire only to keep out of it. It is to prevent this that civil law and the judicial system exist more than to see that the parties to the quarrel get justice. If every broken contract were followed by a broken head, if every private citizen who thought himself wronged got satisfaction out of the wrong-doer by force, the inconvenience to the public not in the quarrel would be so great that it very sensibly compels the quarrelling parties to keep the peace and either put up with things as they are or refer the dispute to a third person appointed by the public to judge; whose judgment they are compelled to accept. Keeping the peace is obviously far more important than that the parties to a particular quarrel should get justice. It is at least conceivable that the party in the right if left to fight out his quarrel for himself would win, and so get justice, quite as often as he does now by taking it into a court of law; but the public would lose immensely. It is just the same with masters and men; if it were possible to compel both sides to take their differences into a court, meantime going on as before, and to abide by the decision when given, how immensely the country would gain! gain, too, even though the decision were sometimes mistaken and sometimes unfair. But apparently it cannot be done. We seemed to be getting nearer to such an arrangement than we were, but the industrial breakings-out of the last twelve months rudely forbid any optimism on this score. The millennium has not come for master and man any more than for nation and nation; and nobody is so entirely maddening in such times as these as the person who tells you it has.

The public is so much affected by these fights between masters and men that it is difficult for it not to take sides; though by taking sides it frequently acts as an embittering irritant on the combatants, and hinders settlement. As far as possible the public should suspend judgment on the technical merits of these disputes. It seldom can know enough to judge, and it gets its information from sources that necessarily prejudice it one way or another. But principles often come into these disputes on which the public at large ought to have a mind. The public should have a general opinion on such a question as a minimum in wages, though in our judgment it should avoid expressing one on the application of the principle to any actual dispute. Whether it is possible for a particular coal-owner to arrange for a minimum wage to be in

force in his mine we should never pretend to say; as little should we pronounce any particular demand by the miners for a minimum wage inadmissible. But the general idea of a minimum in wages is one the public may very well consider. It is not a question to be settled straight off by exclaiming, "Impossible!" or "Absurd!" nor is it "obvious that it ought to be in every trade".

Probably most of us are agreed that if a minimum wage is possible, it is desirable. We have long admitted individually and the State collectively that a man has a right to live, and we have now practically gone the further step and admitted that he has a right to live decently. Our workhouses, and indeed our prisons, are not administered by the standard of bare existence. If this right can be satisfied by a better organisation of industry it will be a great gain on any Poor-law device. There is nothing either absurd or essentially difficult in making it one of the conditions of carrying on a business that nobody concerned in that business shall be paid below a certain rate of wage. It becomes one of the conditions which the business man has to face and make his reckoning with just as he has to face income tax or the charge on the business caused by the Factory Acts. The difficulty, of course, comes in in settling what the minimum shall be. But people too often talk as though the difficulty were in having a fixed minimum at all. In fact, however, nearly all decent employers do already observe a kind of minimum wage. Those who employ but few men and so have personal relations with them do not think of lowering all wages when there is a depression in trade, nor will they in any event pay below a certain amount, even if they have the worst-paid men absolutely in their power. Without thinking of the principle, they do recognise a minimum wage. It does not dispose of the question to say that wages must vary with profits; for the essence of the position is that there shall be no profits until a certain wage has been paid; and if the business cannot stand any fixed wages charge at all, it must go. Nor is it true that it is impossible and ruinous to introduce a fixed element into that which is always fluctuating, as trade is. It has been done with railways from the first with the consent of all. To tell a man he shall not charge more than a fixed sum for his goods is to interfere with his business quite as much as to tell him he shall not pay less than a certain sum to those he employs. The *laissez faire* economists told us, of course, that fix charges or wages as we may, the higgling of the market will get round our rule. If the employer has to pay a minimum wage, he will take it out of the workman some other way; if the trader is not allowed to charge more than so much for his goods, he will take it out of the customer in quality. If this is so, the employers' objection to the minimum wage falls to the ground. It cannot matter to him either way; but he does not seem to think so. As to maximum rates, the railways at any rate have not done what they might have done, treated the maximum invariably as a minimum. We do not see that there is any insuperable obstacle to a minimum wage in the nature of things, however difficult it may be to arrange in a particular business. There is, we know, the practical objection that a man may not be worth his minimum wage, through want of skill or want of industry. The commercial answer to that is, then don't employ him; the social answer is that every man is *prima facie* worth his decent keep, and if he is so bad as not to be worth it, he must be treated as a kind of criminal. He is in a sense outside the social and industrial community. He must be looked after and controlled by the State.

The great gain of a minimum wage system is that it would secure the lowest paid from being underpaid. It would be an immense help to social reform if it could safely be taken for granted that a man in work is decently paid. The really important thing to the nation is that no class shall be too badly off. If the least paid can live decently, the rest can look after themselves. It is nothing to the State, it is not vital to the man himself, whether a particular man be aristo-

crat, plutocrat, middle-class, or workman, but it is everything to both State and individual that he should not be a beggar. We would not give this discussion a party turn, but it is pertinent to remind Conservatives that nothing is more hurtful to Radicalism than to eliminate the have-nots.

THE GREAT USURPATION.

By LORD ROBERT CECIL M.P.

WE have now had five months' experience of the Constitution under the Parliament Act, and even the most prejudiced admirers of the present Government must be beginning to realise its revolutionary character. The gloomiest prophecies by opponents of that measure have been surpassed by actual results. Its critics declared that its chief effect would be to destroy the control by the electorate of the Government of the day, that it would enable a Cabinet, however unpopular in the country, to force through Parliament legislation profoundly distasteful to the people, and that the more it became clear that Ministers were losing the support of the constituencies the more eager would be the various groups and cliques of their majority to get their particular nostrums foisted into the Statute-book. Determined optimists laughed at such prognostications. We were told that Ministers would never venture so to abuse their power, and that if they did make any such attempt the House of Commons, sobered by the great increase in its responsibility, would firmly refuse to permit it. As a matter of fact, this sanguine anticipation has been entirely falsified. Not only are the Government preparing in the coming session to use their newly-acquired powers with shameless unrestraint, but even before the provisions of the Parliament Act became directly operative the atmosphere created by its enactment reduced the House of Commons to a condition of unexampled servility. We have seen legislators, in defiance of public opinion, voting themselves four hundred a year and doing it by simple resolution of the House of Commons, so as to avoid any possible reference of the proposal to the electorate. We have also seen a crude mixture of philanthropic aspirations and practical injustice rushed through the House of Commons by every species of guillotine and closure, in spite or rather because of its growing unpopularity. Both of these outrages on Parliamentary propriety have been readily condoned by the various sections of the Coalition since each of them knew that any resistance would imperil the particular proposal which that section favoured. The prospect of imposing upon the country Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, and Manhood Suffrage proved more attractive to the various ministerial groups than any old-fashioned doctrines about freedom of debate or the integrity of the House of Commons.

Evil as have been the indirect consequences of the Parliament Act, its direct operation in the coming session promises to be far more calamitous. The Government have announced their intention of passing through the House of Commons this year three measures any one of which might fairly be the chief business of the session. Nor can it be said that any of them has recently had such full discussion as would make extended debate of its provisions unnecessary. Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment were last seriously discussed in the Parliament of 1893-5. Whatever the details of the new Irish proposal may be it must involve many questions of acute controversy. It must raise complicated economic and fiscal problems, it must touch matters of deep religious differences, it must involve menace to the prosperity and even safety of an important section of our fellow-countrymen. Beyond all this it must affect the very foundations of our Constitution. No one yet knows how the Government propose to deal with the unsolved difficulty of Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament. But whatever solution of that matter is attempted it is safe to say it must open an immense

field of necessary debate. It may be thought that Welsh Disestablishment will not require such prolonged consideration. Doubtless it is true that the central injustice of disendowment tends to overshadow the details of this iniquitous measure. Even so there are many aspects of disendowment to be considered—historical, statistical, ethical, and constitutional. And apart from main principles there are matters of Church government, questions as to Church fabrics, and other important details which will require at least as full and prolonged consideration as in the case of the Irish Church. Finally, as to the so-called "Reform" Bill, no one knows what its provisions will be. But of one thing we may be certain. Its main purpose will be so to gerrymander the electorate as to give the greatest possible assistance to the Radical party at the next election. That is not likely to prove noncontroversial; even if the very grave question raised by the growth and seriousness of the movement in favour of Woman's Suffrage could be easily adjusted.

Apart, then, from the enormous constitutional importance of the proposed legislation its complexity and controversial character require the full and freest discussion. That, however, is clearly impossible if all three measures are to get through the House of Commons this year. Their passage within that period can only be secured by the most ruthless closure, or by the employment of some other device for restricting debate. That the result of such proceedings must be the further degradation of the House of Commons is a matter of indifference to the restless bureaucrats who control the Government. Nor are they likely to be impeded in their work of destruction by any inconvenient manifestation of independence among their followers. Many of these, indeed, are quite aware of the perishing reputation of the representative Chamber. And some feeble bleatings have been actually heard about the mistake of "over-loading" the coming session. But the official reply is uncompromising. The Master of Elibank, in his recent public letter, declares that the "over-loading" is "the inevitable result of the Parliament Act". And he is perfectly right. Unless the three Bills in question pass the House of Commons this year it might well happen that even under our present Constitution they would have to be submitted to the judgment of the electorate. Everyone knows—none better than the Master of Elibank—that to two of them at least such an ordeal would be fatal. Possibly the "Reform" Bill might survive—till its terms are known no one can tell—but the Irish and Welsh Bills would undoubtedly perish. Their only chance of success is that they should be smuggled through behind the backs of the people.

We have, then, the ministerial policy openly avowed. The Government propose to force upon the country three measures of vast constitutional importance, certain to arouse the bitterest controversy, by the most unscrupulous use of powers unscrupulously obtained. It is impossible to pretend that they have received any authority from the electors for such action. Even supposing that the country was adequately warned that the Parliament Act was to be employed to pass Home Rule, which is certainly untrue, no such contention can be seriously put forward about the Church in Wales, still less about the gerrymandering of the Franchise. Moreover, the assent of the electorate, so far as it was ever given to the Parliament Act, was given to it as a whole, including the preamble, and the most elementary political honesty required that as soon as the Parliament Act was passed the policy embodied in it should be completed by the creation of a reformed Second Chamber clothed with adequate powers. Any other course can only be called a fraud on the electors. In short, the policy which was begun by humiliating the Crown and destroying the House of Lords is to be completed by the degradation of the House of Commons and the deception of the people. Whatever steps the leaders of the Unionist party may think it right to recommend for resisting this unparalleled usurpation, no member of the party will criticise them as being too determined or too extreme.

THE CITY.

NEARLY every sensation known to the Stock Exchange has been experienced this week, from acute depression in Home Rails to wild excitement in Marconi shares. Between these extremes there has been the remarkable strength of 'Bus stock, the revival of public interest in Rubber shares, anxiety in regard to Argentine Rails and deadly dullness in the Mining markets. "Boom, slump, and apathy" is a brief description of the markets as a whole.

The excitement in Marconi issues became intense on the morning of carry-over day. On the previous afternoon the buying had become very wild, and an unwieldy bull account had accumulated. Consequently carry-over facilities were inadequate; many accounts had to be closed, and the managing director of the company chose that particular day to intimate that he was unaware of any new development to justify the rapid rise that had taken place in the shares. The result was a sudden collapse. This gave the jobbers and others who were short of stock a welcome opportunity to effect repurchases, which caused a recovery. Subsequently fluctuations were rather violent, but gradually the market became firmer in the belief that, despite the managing director's denial, the recent advance in quotations was not so unreasonable, having regard to the big potentialities of the Marconi organisation.

London General Omnibus stock registered an improvement of 22 points on the account allowing for the deduction of the dividend of £8, but since the carry-over there has been a further rise of some 10 points, based upon the market's provisional valuation of the new securities which are expected to be exchanged for the existing stock when the fusion with the Underground Electric interests is carried out. The delay in arriving at the definite provisional agreement for the amalgamation is due to the fact that a group of 'Bus shareholders is holding out for better terms than have been offered; but conservative opinion appears to favour the acceptance of the terms, which are understood to be, briefly, an offer in exchange for each £100 of L.G.O. stock of 105 per cent. of 6 per cent. debentures of the Underground Electric Railways Company, redeemable in or before 1941 at 125; 105 per cent. of 6 per cent. income bonds; and 100 shares of 1s. each. The nominal value of the new securities would total £215 for each £100 nominal of 'Bus stock, and to carry out the project it would be necessary for the Underground Electric Railways Company to create £1,260,730 of debentures, an equal amount of income bonds, and £6035 of 1s. shares.

The existing Underground Electric income bonds have been strong in anticipation of benefits to be derived from the amalgamation; Districts and Metropolitan have also advanced in expectation of improved traffics therefrom, and Central London issues have risen mainly in connexion with the Liverpool Street extension. The Home Railway market has been in a dismal condition owing to the alarming labour position. For a time dealers lost their customary optimism on the broad outlook and took lugubrious delight in the most gloomy forecasts of the future. This sentiment was fostered by the unloading of a large provincial account, and when it was learned that this particular source of liquidation had dried up a half-hearted recovery set in. South-Eastern stocks were depressed at one time by discussion of the possible effects of the recent cliff-slides on the tunnel between Folkestone and Dover.

The American market has been upset by the fire in the Equitable Life Building, which has prevented the delivery of securities locked up in the vaults. Business was already at a low ebb, and the fire has not only interrupted business, but has provided a good excuse for abstention from supporting quotations. The Steel Trust's monthly return of unexecuted orders indicated a large increase of business, but the stock market has not responded to this favourable factor, which indicates that no active bull campaign is

intended for the present. Canadian Pacific were rather heavily sold from Berlin, and a good traffic return failed to stem the decline. Grand Trunk issues are also out of favour at present.

In the Foreign Railway section Argentine Rails were naturally affected by the strike, but they promptly recovered on the news of good crop weather, accompanied by views that the labour trouble will soon be settled. United of the Havana stock continued firm on excellent crop advices, and Leopoldinas, after a temporary set-back, regained their strength. Brazil Railway stock has been in demand, and as there is very little floating supply prices advanced steadily.

Rubber shares appear to be coming into strong public favour once more. Inquiries from all parts of the country have been received, but the demand was checked to some extent through the dealers having put prices up sharply in anticipation of buying orders from the public. However, an expanding business has been done at rising prices, and the outlook is considered very promising.

THE TRIUMPH OF VARIETY.

By JOHN PALMER.

THE Lord Chamberlain, licensing the performance of stage-plays in the London music-halls, has, in accordance with the traditions of his noble office, yielded gracefully to circumstances at the latest possible moment. Putting off the evil day, he has allowed his hand to be forced by a body of so inferior a station as the London County Council. Just over a month ago the County Council frankly admitted it was beaten. It would no longer be plagued and bothered with this problem of the Variety Theatre; and it determined in such districts as were outside the Lord Chamberlain's sphere of office to give the music-halls what they wanted, and were obviously determined to have—namely, permission to produce stage-plays in addition to their ordinary entertainments of dancing, music and singing. The suburban music-halls now being in possession of the "double licence" (as it is called), the Lord Chamberlain was left to deal with the further grotesque anomaly which arose from the great houses of London being placed in a position of privileged inferiority to the small houses of the suburban fringe. This last absurdity was too much even for the Lord Chamberlain. The theatres of variety have won. Henceforth they may produce stage-plays under the Lord Chamberlain's licence. To offset this valuable privilege, won at the expense of the "legitimate" drama, actor-managers of the genuine theatre will be suffered (O humorous Lord Chamberlain!) to vary their ordinary dramatic proceedings with an occasional music-hall entertainment—let us hope, of gravity and distinction.

The Lord Chamberlain's decision is a good riddance of much unhappy confusion. The trouble started as soon as the music-halls began to go in for sketches and short plays. No one but the Lord Chamberlain could grant a licence for the performance of a stage-play; and the Lord Chamberlain refused the invitation of the music-halls to come and reign over them. The real quarrel, of course, was between the managers of the theatre and the managers of the music-hall; and the whole question would undoubtedly have been settled years ago if these interested champions had not come to an agreement outside the law. It was a wonderful agreement. The "legitimate" managers undertook to wink at their base brethren, provided that their base brethren would accept from them a very arbitrary and absurd definition of stage-plays. Everyone in the play must have not a moment to lose, and there must never be a crowd. This "concordat", as it was magniloquently called, was not a great success. The music-hall managers almost immediately refused to accept the legitimate managers' definition of a stage-play. (It was certainly a very creditable thing to do.) When the concordat had broken down, the quarrel went on worse than ever by fits and starts. The music-halls

insisted on performing their sketches. There were informations, prosecutions, heart-burnings. Every now and then, to vary the monotony of history, an actor-manager would himself appear in vaudeville. In the opinion of some he was a traitor to the legitimate drama; in the opinion of himself and of others he was winning laurels from the foe. In any case he was adding terribly to the general confusion. Thanks to the County Council, and the facility with which the Lord Chamberlain has accepted their example, these are henceforth unhappy far-off things. The Lord Chamberlain extends his jurisdiction to cover the music-halls; and for the future he will fulfil his customary function in the music-hall as well as in the theatre. He will stand more firmly than ever between the London managers and the London police.

The Lord Chamberlain's recognition of the variety theatre is the official acknowledgment of a distinct change that has come over the lighter forms of popular amusement within the last few years. Once or twice within the last twelve months I have had occasion as a critic of "legitimate" drama to attend performances at the "Palace", the "Coliseum", and the "Hippodrome". I have had to confess each time that the thing for which I attended was dramatically of more importance than nine-tenths of the plays produced in the London theatres. "Sumurun" at the "Coliseum", and the Anatol sketches at the "Palace" were productions upon which few actor-managers in London would have ventured. The theatre of varieties is not to-day an abode of darkness; but a place where we may find a spirit, bolder and more enterprising in the managers, more alert and more responsive in the public. The demand of the music-hall to be raised officially to a level with the theatre has, in fact, been put forward by men who claim to have already raised it in the actual quality of its work. They claim that they have educated their own public; and that it is not their intention to steal a public from the genuine theatre. At a certain stage of their progress they found that audiences were beginning to require more solid fare than hitherto; and the movement began towards the variety programme of to-day with its sketches, fragments of Shakespeare, and potted opera—a programme that draws upon the genius of every country and the resources of every art to make sport for the Philistines. This is the programme which is officially admitted in the Lord Chamberlain's announcement this week to a free and equal competition with the tragedies and comedies at the "Lyceum" or the "S. James".

How far practically will it affect the London theatres? It would be easy to exaggerate. To begin with, the Lord Chamberlain's decision on the face of it is little more than an *ex post facto* recognition of the facts. The managers of the variety theatre have taken advantage of the general confusion to go pretty much their own way. Few programmes at the "Hippodrome", "Coliseum", or the "Palace" have for many a long month been without a sketch or a stage-play, which, in spirit if not in letter, has not been strictly defiant of the law and the "concordat". Of course there was always a risk of prosecution; but the risk was encountered if the enterprise seemed worth while. The Lord Chamberlain's decision is therefore more important as evidence of the position to which the music-halls have risen than as the beginning of a dazzling future; though, of course, they will receive fresh impetus from the victory and the freedom it brings. One thing is certain: the serious lover of plays will not be in the least affected. At most, the triumph of the typical variety programme in the music-hall will draw from the strictly commercial theatre of farce or musical comedy a portion of its present public. But there will always be a public for plays and a public for the music-hall. Theatres and music-halls will not be confounded in a nondescript species of entertainment of not less than six lawful "turns" merely because the Lord Chamberlain has put them legally on a footing. The actor-manager will no longer be able to persecute the theatre of varieties with information and prosecution; there will be more co-operation and less bickering

between the two than formerly; and the music-halls will be free to pursue their lawful occasions. This, for the time being, is the chief practical result of the Lord Chamberlain's decision.

But the legitimate theatres may not therefore remain indifferent to what has happened. The theatre of varieties has been very bold and busy for the last few years. It has now found itself, and will rapidly take complete possession of the public it has caught and stimulated to an indiscriminate thirst for good things, no matter what they may be or whence they may come. The commercial West End theatres are between this devil of variety and the deep sea of repertory. They will not lose their audiences because the Lord Chamberlain has come to a decision; but they will certainly lose them if they continue to be as blind and as deaf and as puzzled in their management as the history of a normal London season shows them to be. Judging from results, they are afraid of good plays, of new men, of novel methods in production—of anything, in short, which is not like something else which has already succeeded. Let them take a lesson in courage from the theatres of variety. They, at any rate, are afraid of nothing new under the sun. For them Mr. Granville Barker has no terrors; nor Professor Reinhardt. If the actor-managers of London cannot within the next ten years find courage to look for plays that shall be above the intelligence of the public (the music-hall manager is never afraid of being too good for his audience) they will lose serious lovers of the play to the repertory men, and people who look merely for a good entertainment to the theatres of variety.

The legitimate actor-manager will almost immediately be tested against his various brother. The genuine theatre, though for years it has had a legal monopoly of the stage-play in one act, has not yet succeeded in finding more than half a dozen so-called curtain-raisers which are neither crude, nor silly, nor pointless, nor tedious. The most "legitimate" of playwrights seems to become an idiot as soon as he sits down to write a play in one act. The variety theatre has now formally entered the field. Will it find and produce competent plays in one act that a man may witness without feeling he is being defrauded of his time? It is significant that two of the half-dozen competent one-act plays so far discovered by the legitimate theatre have already been snapped up by the music-hall: I mean Mr. Barrie's "Twelve Pound Look" and Mr. Shaw's "How He Lied to Her Husband". I am inclined to think that if the Lord Chamberlain's decision has any permanent effect at all artistically, it will be in the impetus it will give to the discovery and production of one-act plays of merit and distinction. In the field of the one-act play the theatre of varieties has at last an unfettered opportunity to show what it can do.

POETRY IN THE NOVEL.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

YOU certainly know those old Gobelins tapestries representing country scenes. One of their chief characteristics is remarkable accuracy. They are as safe documents for the history of costumes and manners as the most matter-of-fact descriptions. And yet they are highly poetical. You may see in the foreground a rough vine-grower in a plumed hat and stiff gaiters putting new girdles to his barrels, and a little further his wife in full petticoats on her way to the vineyard; beyond this prosaic scene your eyes will be charmed by a deep and fascinating horizon with melting, billowy lines, a few fabrics and a dark forest, suggesting indefiniteness and eternity beside the transient features of an epoch. Sometimes when the conversation flags of an evening, those greyish surfaces relieved with scarlet patches first attract and gradually imprison your attention in their depths; while everything around you is modern and fugitive, they are the dead but fascinating past.

But probably you do not know—he is hardly an English type—the country proprietor, whom his edu-

cation, connexions and tastes would naturally make ultra-refined and urban, but whom bruises of some sort—above all, disappointment in his children—throw back on solitude with a dread of the realities of life and a frightened clinging to Nature. This kind of man is the hero of M. Alphonse de Chateaubriant's recent novel, "Monsieur des Lourdines",* and the scenery on the old tapestries is the background of his existence.

Very similar the sensation left by "La Maitresse Servante" of MM. Jérôme and Jean Tharaud,† the novel which, along with "Monsieur des Lourdines", has been the most successful in the last five or six months. Here we see the country gentleman's son who, after a few years of Paris and some resolute—rather than natural—sowing of wild oats, goes back to his ancestral gentilhommière, and gradually sinks in the mediocrity of the horsey set about him with just enough consciousness of the dramatic side of his decadence and a sufficient sense of the drowning sadness of life to make him pathetic. Nothing could be simpler than these two novels. Hardly anything happens in them to make them look like novels, and what little there is—the ruin of a family by a prodigal son in "Monsieur des Lourdines", and the return to his mother's house of another prodigal son accompanied by his mistress in "La Maitresse Servante"—is either banal or improbable to impossibility. These books also lack the source of interest which, even apart from variety of incident, can arrest the reader: you will find in them no striking or amusing character, none of those numberless figures which delight us even if we do but open "Tom Jones" or "Gil Blas" without trying for one instant to remember the story. On the contrary, the few people you meet in them are deliberately and studiously made to look effaced. Yet "La Maitresse Servante" has great charm, and "Monsieur des Lourdines" has more rights to be called a fascinating book than most others to which the epithet is too generously affixed.

What this charm and this fascination are it is not difficult to say. I believe that almost everybody who, without any professional hints, has tried to realise how a novel is written by trying to imagine one himself has felt that truth and high relief were in store in his immediate experience—the people he meets and likes, or, above all dislikes—whereas poetry belonged to his earliest remembrances. In spite of all that is written about verity we do not like to encounter in a novel the figures we know in our everyday life unless they possess exceptional relief or are transformed by exceptional talent. A something rich and strange is necessary to give us pleasure. Now the past, without any effort on our part, without any rare gift of imagination, works that transmutation. It seems to us that the summers were more beautiful, the winds softer and more full of whispers in our far-away childhood than in the dull present. The street into which we looked from the balcony when we were seven was positively enchanted, whereas to-day it is only dusty or windy. This accounts for the quality of certain "Reminiscences" the authors of which would be perfectly incapable of writing a pleasing page of fiction. The vein hidden in our past is the richest we can draw on.

It is in that vein that the Brothers Tharaud, with a great deal of art, and M. de Chateaubriant, with delightful sincerity and—in spite of charming inexperience—more power than the other two writers, have sought not the subject but the atmosphere of their recent works.

Imagine the fable of "La Maitresse Servante" in a contemporary setting. A young man coming home from Paris with his mistress—whom he does not love any more, we are told—and settling her in the immediate vicinity of his mother; the mother feigning to submit, and gradually gaining the wretched woman's confidence as the latter loses the young man's affection; finally the deserted mistress—a Parisian picked up in the Latin Quarter—consenting to become a maid in the

* Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1911. 3f. 50c.

† Paris: Emile-Paul. 1911. 3f. 50c. †

house of her former lover, now married, and all these people, mother, son, wife and mistress, growing old together in the desolation of life. This story, told in the language of the day, with the clear-cut precision of things seen, would be unbearably shocking. But in its provincial environment and constant transposition to a past gradually so destitute of modern characteristics that it becomes almost psychological, this extraordinary subject loses its repulsion and we see the actors apart from the drama.

"Monsieur des Lourdines" appears in the same light. We can imagine a man of fifty or so living in the country with an invalid wife, carefully avoiding speech with her of their profligate son, solacing his afternoons with walks through the forest and his evenings with his schoolboy's violin; if the news that the unfortunate young man is so heavily in debt that everything has to be sold to acquit him came by the telegraph and not in a letter; if the lawyer we visit sat in a modern office instead of appearing, like Rembrandt's "Philosopher", in a musty, old-fashioned study; if the country people did not look so much like our tapestried figures; and if the son did not suggest Musset's dandies—already so far from us—and not a very prosaic clubman, we could not believe in the monotonous hero's dreams, we should think his tenderness for the forest and country, the peasants and woodmen a namby-paminess; above all, the lyrical dénouement in which the violin plays so decisive a part would leave us sceptical and amused. As it is we tolerate the hackneyed extravagant son and we plunge ourselves into the mists of the forest, the seclusion of the district, and the remoteness of the period with as much pleasure as M. des Lourdines himself.

We are conscious that, as we should take little pleasure in these rather fleshless stories if they purported to be tales of contemporary life, the authors, on their side, would hardly have been tempted to write them, or at any rate would have promptly become tired of them, had it not been for their fascinating background. Is this a compliment or a verdict of inferiority? Do we mean power or the want of it when we say of a writer that he needs a poetical accompaniment to sustain him through a human drama? At first sight it would seem to mean weakness. The epic feeling belongs to all great works from Homer to Balzac, but lyricalness which connotes a high flight seldom connotes a sustained one like that required by a complex dramatic subject. Emotion and the somewhat superficial conviction which goes with make-believe are not characteristic of, even if they belong to, the greatest. It certainly takes more genius to conceive and write "Tom Jones" or "L'Avare" than "La Maitresse Servante" or even "The Scarlet Letter". We believe that the characters in "Monsieur des Lourdines" may have existed, and we know, on the contrary, that Tom Jones or Becky Sharp are inventions with which their creators play before us with the shamelessness of genius, like the cat with the mouse; yet we have no doubt that there is more life in Fielding's or Thackeray's lies than in M. de Chateaubriant's truth, and when we revert to one it will be the lie rather than the truth. Poeticalness, emotion, in short the subjective qualities, are not the qualities of the more powerful handlers of fiction, and even in Shakespeare, who possesses them in a high degree, they take the second and not the first rank.

So it would seem that the facility which a lover of the past finds in giving life to characters seen through a poetical atmosphere is akin to the generous though obviously superficial inspiration of an imitation. M. Albert Sorel, the historian, wrote pastiches of Victor Hugo with wonderful talent, but he never thought of using verse for the expression of his own sensibility. Perhaps M. de Chateaubriant and the brothers Tharaud would be far inferior to themselves if they tried their hand at a tale conceived like "La Cousine Bette". But perhaps Racine would have been inferior to himself if he had had to write "La Dame aux Camélias", and Dumas, using a more

chastened medium, might have reached classical perfection. The formula of M. de Chateaubriant immediately helps the author in distinguishing at once that which is essential to a physiognomy from that which is not, as a figure

"seen in early dawn

Down at the far end of an avenue"

is necessarily reduced to its principal lineaments. But is not that largely what is called classicalness? And if this is found in the mind of a writer with an increase of creative power—even though the power be restricted to a certain range—why should we speak of it disparagingly? Perhaps all the difference between the classic ages and ours lies in that gift of discovering the more universal aspects of an object and expressing them with facility and pleasure as well as perfection. If so, we might look upon M. de Chateaubriant and MM. Tharaud as forerunners of the reaction—in the shape of fresh vitality—I was speaking of the other day. Let their method join hands with the robustness they still lack, and we shall have great works. Meanwhile "La Maitresse Servante" is a highly artistic production—no matter if somewhat artificial in design—and "Monsieur des Lourdines" is the freshest piece of writing we have seen for many a long year.

BEGINNING AGAIN.

By FILSON YOUNG.

THE first fortnight of January is the great Monday morning of the year, when, after the pause and disorganisation of Christmas and the annual tidying-up of various temporal matters, we settle down into our normal routine, and Begin Again. During the fortnight before Christmas it has not been worth while to begin anything; we are hypnotised by the shopkeepers into the idea that the only suitable occupation of those weeks is feverish buying, and between Christmas and the New Year we are often in a state of exhaustion or reaction, wondering what the fuss was really about. But there comes a day when the excitement, real or artificial, of the season is over, and the reaction also; when we look out of the window some foggy morning at the blank grey winter sky, and realise that no exciting event is likely to happen in our world for some time: that, in fact, there is nothing left to do but to Begin Again. To people who live a normal and quiet life it is the dulllest and least inspiring of moments. There are, perhaps, no great successes to be repeated, or no great failures to be redeemed, no triumphal or sorrowful way to be retraced—nothing but just to Begin Again the ordinary and unexciting round of life. It is the Monday morning outlook intensified, with its perspective extended into the dimness of the unknown year. It is a curious moment, and, like every moment of our lives, worth examining and savouring before we pass on and leave it behind.

I suppose that the people to whom Beginning Again is most formidable are the successful people. To the man whose career is a succession of great and triumphant achievements the most difficult moment must surely be that when, after the successful issue of a great endeavour, he must Begin Again. He must deliberately begin to do something at least as great and successful as he has done before—probably something greater, for there is no such thing as really level progress; if the road is level the burden becomes greater, or if the burden grows lighter the road becomes steeper. The man who writes or produces a successful play every year must feel, when he Begins Again, that not only the success of his next play, but the success and justification of his whole life depends on this new beginning. The statesman who has distinguished himself in one office must feel, when he Begins Again in another, that he must distinguish himself still more; for if he does not advance, people will say that he is failing. The financier who has just successfully launched some vast scheme must immediately Begin Again on something

vaster. No doubt all these successful people would like, after their great triumph, to work at something small and easy, which would be a rest from their strenuous exertions; but that is not the rule of life. The burden and penalty of success is more and more success. If your income has been four thousand a year and it falls to two thousand, you will be regarded as one who is going back in worldly prosperity, although there may have been a time when two thousand a year would have represented riches and success to you. But if your career be that of making money you must Begin Again to make the four thousand five, and the five thousand six; and consequently, as you grow older, Beginning Again becomes a more and more formidable thing.

Perhaps the only person who really loves Beginning Again is the incorrigible failure. To him these recurring moments are really sunny and agreeable. For the man who addresses himself with gusto to such occupations as Turning Over a New Leaf, Making a Fresh Start, or Cleaning the Slate, Beginning Again can have no terrors. It is the one moment in which the man who always fails has a bright vision of success; he almost hastens through the later stages of his previous failure, almost welcomes disaster, so that he may engage in the inspiring business of Beginning Again. Such a man frequently talks about Cutting his Losses. Indeed, he makes haste to cut them sometimes before he is quite sure whether they need be regarded as losses or not. Such a man, it need not be said, would also cut his winnings if they went on too long, for the simple reason that either losses or winnings, until they are cut, stand as a mark on what would otherwise be a clean slate, and sully the fairness of what would otherwise be a new leaf. Cut them he must before he can indulge in the luxury of Beginning Again. Such people think that there is virtue in actual beginnings, not realising that the real virtue lies neither in beginning nor in ending but in continuing, which is the most difficult and important thing for men to do. There is excitement about beginnings and endings, but there is no essential virtue in them. There is such a thing as beginning wrong. The clean slate and the new leaf may be great snares; and it might have been better to struggle along on the old sheet, confused as it may have been with mistakes and crossings-out, and even blotted with tears, in the hope of writing some brave word at the end. But it is always easier to Begin Again on a new sheet, even although we know in our hearts that it will never be completed, but in its turn merely soiled and forsaken for a clean successor. There is apparently no age which is free from the illusion of Beginning Again, and beginning wrong. Even China has in these latter days taken it into her head to Begin Again, and, in the opinion of Europeans most competent to judge, to begin wrong. The idea that a governing body can be formed which will be representative of four hundred millions of the most undemocratic people in the world, or, indeed, representative of anything but itself, would be strange enough even without the experience of other Republics which, to clear-seeing eyes, have already sufficiently demonstrated the doubtfulness of that form of Government. But there is an epidemic at present in the world of Beginning Again—an epidemic of Clean Sweeps and New Régimes which, like the housemaid's matutinal labours, raise a great deal of dust that generally settles comfortably down again when the sweeping is over. What has France written on her new page? And what will Portugal write comparable with what France and Portugal wrote on the old pages? A beginning which involves a break with tradition seems for nations to be almost always a wrong beginning; and the Englishman who loves his country and who looks back into her history will pray that England, at any rate, will be spared the disaster of Beginning Again.

But we have drifted into great matters which are somewhat beyond the scope of this little essay. It is probable that you and I, reader, are not concerned with any of these great considerations; that we have neither dazzling triumphs nor inevitable failures to record; but

when as at this time we Begin Again, we simply take up the ordinary life of ordinary mortals in this world—a life of plain duties, and some joys I hope, and certainly many cares; in a word, we take up the burden again. I do not like that imagery which always shows the carrier of a burden as staggering and bending beneath it, bent almost double to the ground and groaning and complaining of his task. There are many ways of carrying burdens, and if we make up our minds that they have certainly to be carried, the only respectable method is to carry them with a good grace. The women of India are trained from their earliest years to carry heavy weights on their heads, with the result that they have a bearing and carriage of incomparable grace, so that it is a delight to see them walk. Burdens may thus be made ornamental, interesting, and even amusing. We can contrive all manner of knots for the better securing of them; we can invent means of distributing them about our persons so that one part does not feel the whole strain; for some men carry their burdens almost entirely on their heads, and others almost entirely in their stomachs. We can arrange the load so that it presses more evenly everywhere; so that the head relieves the heart, and the shoulders take what share they can. When we Begin Again thus to carry our burdens, instead of bewailing them it is worth while to study this question of distribution and see if, in fact, they cannot actually be made to improve our bearing through life. For the rest, we may surely take the advice that Goodwill gave to Christian in Bunyan's allegory: "He told me, as to his burden, to be content to bear it, until he came to the Place of Deliverance; and there it would fall from his back of itself."

SUFFOLK LANES.

By JOHN VAUGHAN, Canon of Winchester.

NUMBERLESS are the allusions in Crabbe's poems to the varied aspects of Suffolk scenery, especially in the neighbourhood of the coast. Brought up at Aldeburgh, he was intimately acquainted with the district, and there is scarcely a feature of the coast-line between Orford and Dunwich that is not somewhere depicted in his writings.

"He loved to walk where none had walked before.

About the rocks that ran along the shore."

The river Alde, flowing for miles parallel to the sea, with only a belt of shingle between; the "sapphire-banks" of Slaughden Quay; the wide stretch of marshland beyond the mere, where the wild cry of "the lapwing or the grey curlew" could be heard, and where

"The loud bittern from its bulrush home

Gives from the salt ditch-side its bellowing boom";

the "rushy moor" where there are "blossoms rare", "the gale's rich balm and sundew's crimson blush"; the wide barren heath beside the coast, where

"The neat low gorse with golden bloom

Delights each sense, is beauty, is perfume;

And the gay ling, with all its purple flowers,

A man at leisure might admire for hours"—

all are dwelt upon with affection and delight.

Nor are the Suffolk lanes forgotten. Crabbe often refers to the "sandy lanes", so characteristic of the countryside in the vicinity of the sea. In his poem called "The Lover's Journey", which depicts the country between Aldeburgh and Beccles, he tells us how Orlando, leaving the heathland that bordered the coast, "passed through lanes of burning sand" where "the dust rose in clouds before the horse's feet". But, he adds,

"The very lane has sweets that all admire,

The rambling suckling and the vigorous briar;

See! wholesome wormwood grows beside the way.

Where dew-press'd yet the dog-rose bends the spray;

Fresh herbs the fields, fair shrubs the banks adorn,

And snow-white bloom falls flaky from the thorn".

These lonely lanes, deep in loose sand, and hot and oppressive in summer-time, are yet full of interest to

the naturalist. "Bog and marsh and fen", and sandy lanes too, "are", as Crabbe rightly says, "only poor to undiscerning men". Often these lanes are the only approach to the sea-coast, and one may traverse them for long distances without meeting a fellow-creature, unless it be a company of gipsies encamped on the way-side. No motor or carriage invades the solitude of the lanes, and the surface is too rough for a bicyclist to venture far. The hedgerows on either side are often left untrimmed for years together, and the ditches are but seldom disturbed. It is therefore not surprising that these lanes are the haunt of many wild creatures. Rabbits abound, and in the vicinity of farm buildings the banks are often honeycombed by rats. It is no uncommon thing to see a stoat or a weasel gambolling about, or with head erect stealthily on the scent of some unfortunate victim. Hedgehogs are far from rare, and on one occasion I came across a family of these interesting creatures. It was getting dusk: the great bat had begun his evening flight, and the night-jars were uttering their strange whirring notes, when at a turn in the lane I saw the mother and some four or five young ones shuffling about in the open. It was a pretty sight to see the little creatures, with short, quick starts, running here and there among the herbage. For some time I watched them all unconscious of my presence, until at length one by one they followed their mother through a break in the hedge. In the autumn a number of goldfinches—I have seen a flock of eighteen or twenty—may be encountered in the lanes, feeding on the feathered thistle-seeds. They are commonly known in Suffolk, where they have much increased of late years, as "King Harries".

Some of these sandy lanes evidently represent the ancient thoroughfares before the present high-roads existed. A most interesting example of a disused mediæval roadway may be seen on the coast some two miles from Southwold. It led to the fishing village of Easton Bavents, situated on a cliff known as Easton Ness, at that time the most easterly point of England. But the headland has been long since washed away by the sea, and the entire village has disappeared. At Dunwich, some five miles to the south, the ruins of a church still crown the cliff, where

"One hollow tower and hoary
Naked in the sea-wind stands and moans";

and the encircling walls of a mediæval Franciscan priory may be seen. But at Easton Bavents not a vestige of the former village remains. In the time of Edward III. it was a place of sufficient importance to be granted a market, and besides the parish church it possessed a chapel dedicated to S. Margaret. Now the only building in the parish is a modern three-tenement cottage, inhabited by farm labourers. But the ancient roadway leading to the vanished village may easily be traced. It is now a sandy lane, wider indeed than many in the neighbourhood, overgrown with rank herbage, and used only for agricultural purposes. A line of twisted thorn-trees, bent with the fierce winds of winter, bounds the lane on one hand, and a low tangled hedgerow stretches along the other side. Here and there tough stems of bracken have invaded the pathway, while such coarse but characteristic species as knapweed and ragwort flourish on the hedgebanks, relieved by a few plants of the choicer yellow linaria. Several lanes converge on this ancient thoroughfare, which at length ends abruptly on the very face of the cliff, where until a few years ago an old barn marked the site of the last remaining homestead. When Gardiner wrote his History of Dunwich in the middle of the eighteenth century a quantity of fennel grew upon the spot, which he took as a "token" of "the considerable trade of fishery" for which the village of Easton Bavents was formerly celebrated. All trace of the fennel is now gone; not a single plant of this fragrant herb could I find along the lane. Rank thickets of atriplex and a stunted thorn-tree marked the sudden termination of the old roadway at the edge of the cliff which in bygone days led to the most eastern village on the English coast.

Another deep sandy lane, bounded by high hedges, where grow

"the crab, the bramble, and the sloe,
The hyp, the cornel, and the beech, the food
And the wild solace of the gipsy brood",

was clearly the ancient roadway between Blythburgh and Walberswick. Along this road the brutal iconoclast William Dowsing must have travelled in April 1643, when, having destroyed the images and painted glass in Walberswick Church, he passed on to Blythburgh to wreck the beauties of that magnificent edifice. At one spot the lane opens out into a wide stretch of grass and bracken, known in the parish documents as "Dead Man's Corner", from the gruesome legend that a suicide was once buried there. From this corner a most picturesque prospect is obtained. At high tide the river Blygh has the appearance of a goodly sized lake, beyond which stretches the finely timbered domain of Henham Hall. Hard by, in a clump of lofty Scotch firs, is situated the largest heronry in Suffolk, and one or more of its stately denizens, known locally as "harnsees", may generally be seen standing motionless in the shallow water. In the dense tangle of reeds and rushes that fringe the river numbers of wild duck annually breed; while on the more open parts of the swamp, sheltered by tall tussocks of coarse herbage, the redshank lays its eggs.

Thistles are still as characteristic of the Suffolk lanes as when, in Crabbe's time, they stretched forth their "prickly arms of war". But sometimes the scarce and handsome cotton-thistle is met with. This stout plant, attaining sometimes to a height of even six feet or more, is covered with a loose cottony wool which, with its great heads of purple blossoms, renders it very conspicuous. It may be seen in the lane between Walberswick and Dunwich, where its presence adds dignity to the somewhat sombre flora. Not but one or two interesting species are met with. The aromatic *Nepeta Cataria*, or cat's-mint, the strong scent of which is peculiarly grateful to cats—a rare species covered with a mealy down, and bearing small white flowers dotted with crimson—is common at one spot in the hedgerow, near where the lane branches off to the salt-marshes, past the forgotten site of the old parish church, which was removed in the fifteenth century. Not far distant is a clump of the white horehound, formerly of great repute among village herbalists, and still in use for its medicinal properties. Further along a few stout plants of the uncanny-looking hound's-tongue are in flower. It is a strange species, with large soft downy leaves and dull lurid-purple flowers; while the whole plant has a strong, disagreeable smell, exactly like that of mice. But it is a striking species, and far from common. As the lane approaches Dunwich, the ancient "city of the east", masses of yellow tansy will be seen occupying the banks. Not a plant has been met with all the way from Walberswick, but here it is abundant. In former days this aromatic plant was commonly grown in herb-gardens, and played an important part in monastic economy; and it is not impossible that the colony may be a relic of ancient cultivation. Just where the sandy lane emerges into the open road several lusty plants of the sky-blue chicory were opening their lovely petals to the sun.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF THE BATTLE OF BARROSA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oxford, 3 January 1912.

SIR,—Your reviewer of the fourth volume of my "Peninsular War" spends more than half his space in criticising its maps—especially that of Barrosa. He states that its proportions are wrong, sometimes as much as 40 per cent. It may be necessary to explain that he is thereby criticising not my own measurements, but those of the three best detailed maps of the countryside on which I have been able (after much search) to

lay hands. The figures that he gives differ widely from all these. The maps are: (1) The most important and detailed, the Spanish official plan of 1890, published by the Madrid War Office in their "Atlas de la Guerra de la Independencia". This is an elaborate survey, marked out on 40-foot contours, "equidistancia entre las curvas 40 pies". It gives the distance between the towers of Barrosa and Bermeja at 3600 metres—your critic states it at 6000 yards. Also the distance between the Vigia of Barrosa and the seashore at 1100 metres—your critic says it is only 800 yards. It also marks the height of the Barrosa hill by seven contours of 40 feet each above the plain=280 feet—your critic says that the height is only 156 feet. In disputing an authorised Government survey, executed by the Madrid War Office, he must give his reasons for saying (authoritatively and without quoting any source) that the Spanish engineers have gone hopelessly wrong.

(2) The distances of the modern Spanish map are almost the same as those in the map in Wyld's vast "Atlas of the Peninsular War" (1841), derived from the drawing of "Ensign Harriott of the Royal Staff Corps". This gives the length between Barrosa and Bermeja towers at about 4000 yards—your critic says 6000; and shows the Vigia at about 120 yards from the shore, instead of your critic's 800 yards.

(3) There is also the old contemporary 1811 map of Barrosa, which can be seen on a reduced scale in Rait's "Life of Lord Gough", vol. i. This gives the distance between the two towers as 4500 yards—that from the Vigia to the sea as 1300. It is a rough production, not nearly so well engraved as the other two.

I must add that both the Spanish survey and No. 3 mark the hill on which the Vigia stands as roughly conical—the contours in the former are very clear. Your critic utterly denies there is any such conical hill or "steep slope". I have simply followed the best maps that I could find in dealing with this, the only 1811 battlefield that I did not personally visit. If your critic will kindly say where the correct map is to be had, I shall be obliged to him. Anyhow he has a pretty quarrel with the Madrid War Office.

I am, yours faithfully,

C. O.

THE CRISIS IN MANCHESTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Albion Hotel, Manchester.

11 January 1912.

SIR,—Manchester has realised very vividly that it is the centre of a crisis which means everything to Lancashire and a vast deal to the country at large. In club, in hotel, in restaurant there has been one topic for Manchester this week to the exclusion of all others. The possibility of a coal strike has almost been ignored in the prepossession of the cotton conflict. On Monday morning Manchester men were confident that by the evening a settlement would have been arrived at, and that the second week of 1912 would be memorable for a great calamity averted. Monday brought a hitch; Tuesday an impasse; and on Wednesday all hopes were concentrated on Monday next, as they had been concentrated on the previous Monday, but with the difference that whereas the beginning of this week was hailed with confidence, the beginning of next week is anticipated with doubt.

Let there be no misunderstanding of the seriousness of the situation. It is simplicity itself on the surface, but there are dangerous under-currents which the most skilful of pilots may find baffling. The dispute began over the question of the employment of a couple of non-unionists. Manchester is the Mecca of free imports, not of free labour. A small strike was followed by a big lock-out. The masters—in their own interests of course—delivered the counter blow ostensibly for free labour, really for their right to manage their business in their own way. Sir George Askwith came to Manchester as peacemaker. Sir George Askwith has a reputation; he has been a successful mediator in other disputes; in Manchester he has failed to prevent a

widening of the breach. The conditions in which he worked made his task impossible. It is true he brought the parties together, but the Conference, so far as Manchester and the world at large know, only established the irreconcilability of the contestants. The responsibility rests with the masters. The men's representatives knew that the men had made a mistake. Their action in regard to non-unionists was misguided. They proposed a truce: a six months' truce, during which the whole question of non-unionism could be thrashed out and settled on terms acceptable to both sides. The masters would not hear of it. It must be a settlement now—or war. They must have a written undertaking that never again shall there be a strike over the employment of non-unionists. In other words, the men's representatives of to-day were asked to bind themselves, their successors, their children's children, for ever. If the men's representatives had had one moment's hesitation as to the line they should take, their doubts could not be long-lived. Resolutions passed independently at places like Nelson and Blackburn defeated the six months' proposal. If the masters were determined, so were many sections of the men, and with the suspension of the so-called peace conference has disappeared the desire on the part of hundreds of them to provide a way of retreat. The fight, say the masters, is to be "a fight to the finish". "A fight to the finish let it be", is the response of the Lancashire men, and what a fight to the finish means in Lancashire history is witness.

Masters are firm; men are hourly growing bitter. War chests on both sides are ample for the maintenance of a long struggle. The least bellicose of the weavers feels that a grave injustice has been done. He has admitted a mistake—for that he may or may not be sorry. He has made a suggestion as to the future which has been rejected, and he asks in naïve but injured tones: Have we ever failed to keep our plighted word? Sympathy with the employers' determination to conduct their affairs in their own way there must be; sympathy with the employers was the predominant note on Monday last; will it be the predominant note on Monday next? The masters had right on their side; they are right now on the main point at issue. Were they wise to refuse to give the men another chance? Their provocation has been great. Their acceptance of a challenge which should never have been thrown down was swift as it was sure. But they cannot hope to break the men: they can at worst punish them. The real sufferers will be the non-unionists who have no funds to draw upon, and the general public who are in no sense parties to the quarrel. When Lancastrian meets Lancastrian the tug-of-war is bound to be severe; Manchester is prepared for war, and the one glimmer through the gloom comes from Whitehall. Sir George Askwith may haply discover some way to peace which he may submit on Monday.

I am, faithfully yours,

S.

THE MODERN SPIRIT AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 January 1912.

SIR,—It is apparently impossible for any woman (or man) to write upon the abstract question of woman suffrage without receiving in reply letters full of personal abuse. Is this because Suffragettes have no real arguments to present? I have certainly never heard a single adequate reason given for the extension of the franchise to women. The modern spirit may be either good or evil—it must be judged by its fruits—the new light is not necessarily from heaven; it may as easily come from hell. The simple payment of taxes cannot give women a right to vote. This subject has been enlarged upon so many times that it is unnecessary for me to go into it again. Women are incapable of full citizenship because they are not available for purposes of National and Imperial defence. Suffragettes have a habit of saying that women's rights

have been taken from them—that they once had a political vote; that women sat on the Witenagemote; that the abbesses sat on the Church Councils. There is no shadow of truth in the assertion that women ever had a vote. This was definitely proved by the judgment of the Lord Chancellor in "Nairn v. University of S. Andrews", 10 December 1908. The other Judges concurred with him.

It is a far cry from the twentieth century to the Saxon Witan. In the old days when the population was scanty and scattered, and no laymen below the rank of the nobles had any education, standing, or rights, the reason for the noble women being called to sit on the Witan is obvious. The mitred abbesses had a right to sit on the Church Councils, but there is no record of their ever having put themselves to the front, or ever having had anything to do with Church law or dogma.

Suffragettes also assert that women's influence is always for good, and would improve and purify politics. That the influence of women has been generally for good is absolutely disproved by the facts of history, but it is naturally too large a subject for me to go into here. There is, however, one object-lesson which is right in front of our eyes—America. There the power of women is boundless and absolute. Boys and girls attend the same schools, and stand on the same level in education. Nevertheless the state of American society is appalling. Americans themselves are beginning to have their eyes opened, and to talk bitterly of the fallacy of their belief in the good influence of women. May I be permitted to make one quotation about New York from a remarkable book just published by an American? "New York is Rome under Tiberius, Israel under Ahab, Babylon during the Captivity—of the intellect. . . . New York en masse does the least thinking of any place of its size that ever existed. . . . Its women have ceased to bear children, and now drink publicly and drug and divorce and prose and prattle to rag time."

So much for emancipated women. Nor has education and emancipation had a much better effect in England. Few outside the ranks of the Suffragettes will quarrel with Mr. Plowden's recent pronouncement: "The whole nature of the female sex has altered. Women have become violent, hysterical, and excitable". I think the only other reason Suffragettes can find for demanding a vote is that thousands of women have been thrust into the arena to work and struggle for a living, as men struggle. But I would ask how many of these women have been forced into the struggle for a living, and how many have descended into the arena of their own accord, because home life has no charms for them, and domesticity and a sheltered life is abhorrent from them. For this reason they have flung themselves into the battle, disorganised the labour market, and spread unemployment and starvation among the bread-winners. Suffragettes have proved that the world has produced very few great women, as they have to go to all ages and nations to find a few illuminating names. And this has nothing to do with education or environment; genius and greatness are born in people, not educated into them. Numbers of great men have been great in spite of their lack of education, in spite of their environment. From the days of Deborah who judged Israel to the days when Queen Victoria ruled England, a woman who was born great found her place and adorned it without difficulty. I may point out to our Suffragette friends that the boast of Deborah was not that she judged Israel, but that she was a mother in Israel. What would she have said to the emancipated woman who writes about "the shame and degradation of motherhood"; who refuses to have children, or having them refuses to nurse them, because she is above that kind of thing? What is the new woman going to put in the place of the ideal of all ages—the eternal mother, who stands ever "High o'er the rest, with her babe on her breast"?

Certainly the Suffragettes are not increasing a respect for womanhood, or forming a more beautiful ideal to replace the old. If the combined wisdom of all the ages is against the emancipation of women, it is

not only the wisdom of men—of patriarchs, priests, prophets, and philosophers—but the wisdom of wise women. There is nothing more absurd than to say that intellect is on the side of the Suffragettes. The greater the woman the more clearly she sees the disabilities of her sex. Our own Queen Victoria, who was the greatest woman of the century—perhaps of any century—is an example of this. The sceptre put into her childish hands was so firmly grasped, so wisely swayed, that so long as the English Empire lasts her name will be held in veneration. But she was pre-eminently a good wife and good mother, an example to all women.

"A thousand claims to reverence closed

In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."

Because of her own wisdom she knew, and very often said, that women were not meant to have power. She was most strongly opposed to those women who cried out for votes, emancipation, and power of any kind, and, if she could, would have used rather drastic remedies to cure them of their folly. Those who knew her and her views are filled with bitter indignation when they see her revered name on Suffragette banners and hear it bandied about in their speeches. Nor is there one of her daughters and grand-daughters who is not as domesticated, as devoted to home and children, as she was. The Suffragettes will not find a leader among the ladies of the Royal House of England.

It is possible that if all the women of England demanded the vote any Government would give it, but even then a very wise and strong Government might hesitate. The Empire is too great and precious a thing to be damaged or ruined for the sake of improving the political knowledge of women. To thrust woman suffrage on the nation now, when only a very small minority ask for it, would be a crime which no Government could dare to commit. The revolt of women against the place and the work assigned to them by nature is nothing more or less than a canker which is eating out the heart of the nation. All men who retain their manliness and virility, all women who are wise and patriotic, will, I trust, band together to stop its further progress.

I am, Sir, yours etc.,

AUDREY MARY CAMERON.

"PERSONAL LIBERTY AND THE MEDICINE MAN."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

92 Victoria Street, Westminster S.W.

9 January 1912.

SIR,—The letter of Mr. Charles Walker needs a few words from me. I know nothing of Miss Beatty or her case, and decline to express any opinion upon it.

Mr. Charles Walker writes:—"Where Mr. Coleridge got the absurd idea that any surgeon has ever claimed 'that lives of the sick poor are always saved by operations', unless from his own vivid imagination, it would be difficult to say."

This is a very clear admission by Mr. Charles Walker that operations often kill people instead of saving their lives, and if that be admitted my protest made against the insufferable claims of the Medicine Men to perform operations upon patients without their knowledge and consent, by stealth, seems a reasonable one if personal liberty is to be preserved.

Does Mr. Charles Walker support these insufferable claims advanced by Mr. Paget, or does he condemn them? As Mr. Charles Walker has entered the arena, I invite him to answer that simple question.

Your obedient servant,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 January 1912.

SIR,—I do not write as a politician; there is no covert attack herein on the Radicals. In making their present appointments they are but offering the highest form of flattery to the Conservatives—imitation. But it is a

public scandal that the unpaid Bench should be the plaything of politics.

The territorial magnate who recognises and fulfils the duties and responsibilities of his position—who lives, as an aristocrat of old, amongst his tenants and knows their lives and wants—is rightly on the Bench. But how many such men are there now in England? And the others, the majority?

If this majority is to be chosen to dispense justice as representative of all classes, should not choice depend on ability, trustworthiness, public confidence, and circumstances that give time for the discharge of the incumbent duties? Can it be for the moral and intellectual benefit of our country that political opinion or political service should be a determining factor in choice?

I say nothing against those chosen; all are honourable men. Even a paid Judge, chosen because of political opinion or service, is an honourable man. But the state of that country is parlous whose successive Governments are colour-blind—blind to all honourable men not of its own colour.

Your obedient servant,
S. P.

OUR SPELLING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London Institution, Finsbury Circus E.C.
6 January 1912.

SIR,—The only objection that I can see to Mr. L. F. Dixon's proposal is that the types which he suggests are not included in ordinary founts. It was for this reason that, requiring only two extra types, I borrowed the numerals 6 and 3 to represent "th" and "sh" respectively. For "y"="dh" we have the authority of y^e =the; and "j"="zh" is borrowed of course from the French.

It is, I think, essential in any system of phonetic spelling that the four consonantal sounds "th, dh, sh, zh" should have distinctive symbols; or, if we use the digraphs, we should certainly replace "f" by "ph" and "v" by "bh", in order to be consistent.

It would be scientifically incorrect to use a single symbol (such as "c") to represent the "ch" in "church", as this is a double consonant=t-sh; and similarly our "j" really=d-zh.

In conclusion, I cannot help expressing my surprise at the astonishingly amateurish scheme put forward by the Simplified Spelling Society. Both as to consonants and as to vowels it is a mass of inconsistencies, quite unworthy of the learned professors to whose united efforts it is said to owe its origin.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
IMMO S. ALLEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

32 Hamilton Road, Harrow,
9 January 1912.

SIR,—Mr. Dixon, who writes in your issue of last week, may be interested to know that the Simplified Spelling Society is beginning a vigorous attack against the present chaotic condition of English spelling.

The Society has produced a scheme which preserves the present alphabet (there are immense difficulties in the way of the adoption of an entirely new one), and yet lightens the labour of learning to spell so considerably as to prevent the waste of at least a year in a child's school life.

The President of the Society is Professor Gilbert Murray, and Mr. William Archer is the Secretary. The offices are at 44 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.

Yours faithfully,
SYDNEY WALTON.

[A society with so respectable a president must surely be scholarly. We should like to know whether its "simplified" spelling is able to leave room for the marks of history on the written character of English. "Simplification" usually means barbarism, and nothing else.—ED. S.R.]

REVIEWS.

RUSSIA.

"Undiscovered Russia." By Stephen Graham. London: Lane. 1911. 12s. 6d.

"The Russian People." By Maurice Baring. London: Methuen. 1911. 15s. net.

"A History of Russia." By V. O. Kluchevsky. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. Vol. I. London: Dent. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

THE variousness of Russia is proved by the variety of views which obtain about her. She lends herself descriptively to a wide range of temperament and seems to flatter the predilections of very different observers. Everything depends on where, how and with what sight you see her. She is Holy Russia to some, the last outpost of faith in Europe; to others she is a devil's brew of plots, oppression and immorality. There may be a Tartar still under every Russian skin, but some need a great deal of scratching before you come to it, while in others there is obviously no need to seek below the surface. Of the Russia from one point of view Mr. Stephen Graham offers us a very charming example. Russia—that is to say, the Russia of the poor—has been Mr. Graham's ghostly counsellor. It taught him the virtues of poverty and simplicity, it turned him into a tramp, it sent him wandering about the country, at first in the Caucasus, and, as his latest book recounts, to its other extremity, through the northern provinces of Archangel and Vologda, amid a people less picturesque, but no less interesting than those he had lived with in the South.

In his long tramp south from the White Sea Mr. Graham made his lodging always with the mujik; since, in Russia, though a man may be too rich to offer you hospitality, he is never too poor to make you welcome; for, though few people in the world have less to dispose of than its peasantry, there is none that in disposal can be more generous. There are very few who have seen Russia from the mujik's standpoint, but those who have endured its bugs and beetles and unspeakable dirt will understand Mr. Graham's enthusiasm and perhaps share his illusions.

A friend called him a living paradox since he found he could breathe better in Russia, because the air was purer, and had come to Russia because it was a free country. But the paradox is only for those who make it. Mr. Graham is right. Compared with the slaves of British commercialism the Russian peasant is a free man—free socially, physically and spiritually; and the comparison is not of limited range, but between some eighty per cent., on either side, of the inhabitants. You might tramp thousands of miles in Russia without meeting a peasant who had lost his faith in God or grudging a charity to his neighbour. His life there has given Mr. Graham vision—"God is the word that writes all men as brothers in Russia and all women as sisters. The fact behind that word is the fountain of hospitality and good fellowship". It is the fountain of freedom also, of that sublime confidence in the ordering of the world which alone can free mankind from being a bond-slave to its worries. "Poor in body, and wretched in poverty and—beloved of the gods." That is as much the charter of the mujik's freedom as it was once of the philosopher's; and Mr. Graham's intimate acquaintance with the peasant has revealed to him not only that the mujik's impecunious primitiveness is the guardian of his freedom, but that the reality of his life is rooted in his illiteracy.

He puts prettily, perhaps more prettily than the facts warrant, the influence of the Ikon. "The Ikon claims the home and the man for God, it indicates God's ownership, God's original right. It is in religion what the trade mark is in commerce." That is true, and Russia wears its benefits; but what Mr. Graham does not show us is exactly the article on which the trade mark is stamped. He speaks, indeed, of drunkenness as the disease of Russia, but he seems to close his

eyes, and they need close closing, to that other disease of immorality which eats even deeper into the Russian's physical and spiritual fibre. "If a peasant yawns, he makes the sign of the cross over his mouth to prevent the devil getting in"; but worse devils come out of the mujik's mouth than ever go into it, and no sign is made to restrain their exit. That is the other side of the shield about which Mr. Graham is silent. "The ritual of the sign of the cross is most potent in Russian life"; pervasive is rather the word one would have preferred; potency too strongly suggests accomplishment.

Yet there, for what it is worth, the life leaning on religion remains, as nowhere else in Europe; and, as Mr. Graham truly sees it, it is in the women that the vital elements of the life are vested. "Man is a Kremlin wall, the woman is the church inside it." Outside the towns the disease of drunkenness only afflicts the men, the women suffer with gentle tolerance the insobriety of their husbands, and even of their priests, but themselves remain untouched by the malady, on the prevalence of which—drink being a Government monopoly—the finances of the Budget primarily depend. And so, in her simplicity, her humanity, her power of resistance, the woman stands in Russia for almost all that Mr. Graham imagines her—"the strength behind the Russian nation, the spirit of its beauty".

Mr. Maurice Baring's volume may be considered as standing between the personal sympathies of Mr. Graham and M. Kluchevsky's historical severity. He offers it to "the average man, in search of information on a subject which he knows little or nothing of", and he contrives to give a great amount of general information, despite a tendency to diffusion on points that interest him. One rather wonders, however, if the average reader desires such a variety of instruction—in history, geology, character, custom, politics, poetry, orthodoxy, and dissent; and for the student its amiable diffuseness could have no value. Mr. Baring has lived for some time in Russia; he knows the language—as do not all who write of the land; has made acquaintance, nearly always sympathetic though not always profound, with a variety of its inhabitants; has, as a journalist, read its journals carefully; has studied profitably, as the present volume proves, all the best authorities on his subject; and is thus very well qualified to write just what he has written for the benefit of the average reader. He writes, moreover, in a style which, if it has no individuality, seldom declines from a clear brightness of diction which only occasionally shows traces of having been over the ground before; is, indeed, at its best over periods which it must frequently have traversed, covering the later revolutionary movements, where a direct personal vision can supply the place of imagination.

He sees Russia rather from the points of view of the bureaucrat, the intelligenzia, and the artist than from that of the peasant, and consequently sees a Russia differing altogether from that of Mr. Graham, though his sympathies do not exclude the mujik from his survey, even if he does not seem to appreciate his real significance to the country.

He condenses into a chapter most of what has been said before about the Russian character, but the condensation will probably be somewhat confusing to those ignorant of the sources from which his generalisations are drawn, since what Miliukov and Leroy-Beaulieu are able at some length to make convincing can scarcely be rendered successfully in a tabular form.

The Russian people is a very difficult one about which to generalise, and Mr. Baring is over-fond of generalisations, and of illustrative parallels, and he seems not quite to realise the amount of the country with which he is unacquainted. He tells us, for instance, that the accordion is the national instrument, but that "there is also the three-stringed guitar, called the 'balalaika', but you rarely see this instrument among the peasantry". Now you might travel for weeks through the northern provinces of Russia and hear no musical instrument but the "balalaika"; and far from its not

being the peasants' instrument, it is particularly theirs, since they not only play it with great skill, but make it with extreme cleverness out of the most unpromising materials and with the least likely tools. It came from Finland with Finnish songs, has been for many centuries the confederate of Russian folk music, and is "national" in a sense that the accordion cannot be.

Historically Mr. Baring is, of course, pressed for space, but he might have spared a page from Peter the Great to give some account of the trading relations between Rus and Byzantium, which became established by the treaties of Oleg and Igor, and which prepared the way for the introduction of Christianity into Rus, especially since it is so curious and interesting a story.

Of an illumination on the Russian people different from that of these two books is the first volume of V. O. Kluchevsky's "History". His work, while Professor of Moscow University, established his reputation for research and accuracy, and his "History"—the first volume of which, ably translated by Mr. C. J. Hogarth, carries us to the fall of Novgorodian independence—is as concisely trustworthy a record as the language contains. There are very few experts, even in his own country, who are in a position adequately to criticise it, and a student can only commend its lucidity, its minute observation, its breadth of view, and its attractive humanity.

We have in this volume the history of Rus from before the coming of the Eastern Slavs, the formation of the Principality of Kiev, the rise of Russian law, the rota system and the political disintegration which followed it, the composition of the "Russkaia Pravda", the Church Ordinances of the early Christian princes, and a survey of the complicated legal, ethnological, ecclesiastical, and social changes during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—that important period when the appanage system had its development, up to the gradual growth of Muscovite influence and the decline of Novgorod. It might all be very dull and dry, but it never for a moment is, and reconstructs for us picturesquely yet with scientific exactitude a most interesting and little-known story.

CRIME AND ITS TREATMENT.

"Modern Theories of Criminality." By C. Bernaldo de Quiros. Translated from the Spanish. London: Heinemann. 1911. 14s. net.

"Criminal Psychology." By Hans Gross. Translated from the fourth German Edition. London: Heinemann. 1911. 17s. net.

"Crime: its Causes and Remedies." By Cesare Lombroso. London: Heinemann. 1911. 16s. net.

IN the year 1909 the "American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology" decided to translate the works of certain writers into English, and appointed a committee of five members to carry out this undertaking. The books before us are the first productions and will be followed, we hope, by others in course of time. The committee have printed a General Introduction to the series, which, though it might perhaps have been better written, is intelligent enough to justify quotation. "For the community at large, it is important to recognise that criminal science is a larger thing than criminal law. The legal profession in particular has a duty to familiarise itself with the principles of that science, as the sole means for intelligent and systematic improvement of the criminal law. Two centuries ago, while modern science was still young, medical practitioners proceeded upon two general assumptions: one as to the cause of disease, the other as to its treatment. As to the cause of disease—disease was sent by the inscrutable will of God. No man could fathom that will nor its arbitrary operation. As to the treatment of disease, there were believed to be a few remedial agents of universal efficacy. Calomel and blood-letting, for example, were two of the principal ones. A larger or smaller dose of calomel, a greater

or less quantity of blood-letting—this blindly indiscriminate mode of treatment was regarded as orthodox for all common varieties of ailment. And so his calomel pill and his blood-letting lancet were carried everywhere with him by the doctor."

"Nowadays, all this is past in medical science. As to the causes of disease, we know that they are facts of nature, various, but distinguishable by diagnosis and research, and more or less capable of prevention or control or counteraction. As to the treatment, we now know that there are various specific modes of treatment for specific causes or symptoms, and that this treatment must be adapted to the cause. In short, the individualisation of disease, in cause and in treatment, is the dominant truth of modern medical science."

"The same truth is now known about crime, but the understanding and the application of it are just opening upon us. The old, and still dominant thought is, as to cause, that a crime is caused by the inscrutable moral free will of the human being, doing, or not doing the crime, just as it pleases. . . . As to treatment, there are just two traditional measures, used in varying doses for all kinds of crime and all kinds of persons—jail or fine. But modern science, here as in medicine, recognises that crime also (like disease) has natural causes. It need not be asserted for one moment that crime is a disease. But it does have natural causes—that is, circumstances which work to produce it in a given case. And as to treatment, modern science recognises that penal or remedial treatment cannot possibly be indiscriminate and machine-like, but must be adapted to the causes and to the man as affected by those causes."

These views are repeated in the books translated: thus de Quirós—page 240—remarks ". . . modern dosimetry, which offers the same remedy for every crime and for every delinquent varying only in quantity, will be replaced by methods difficult to foretell, because on this ground we find ourselves in the most elementary and incomplete empiricism". And Gross—page 13—"We have confined ourselves long enough to the mere study of our legal canons. We now set out upon an exact consideration of their material. To do this obviously demands a retreat to the starting-point and a beginning we ought to have made long ago; but natural sciences on which we model ourselves have had to do the identical thing and are now at it openly and honestly. Ancient medicine looked first of all for the universal panacea and boiled theriac; contemporary medicine dissects, uses the microscope and experiments, recognises no panacea, accepts barely a few specifics. Modern medicine has seen the mistake. But we lawyers boil our theriac even nowadays and regard the most important study, the study of reality, with arrogance."

Señor de Quirós' book is a history of the various theories held as to criminality and its treatment. It is very well done, though the inexperienced reader may get a little bewildered at their number and variety; he will certainly be astonished at the vast literature existing upon the subject and will admire the author's grasp of the questions and tendencies and also his extensive reading in several languages. We note with much satisfaction that reparation for damage done is insisted upon by many authorities, and with equal pleasure that the cellular system which was so firmly believed in fifty years ago is now fiercely attacked by the latest schools and has been rightly called by Professor Ferri "one of the greatest aberrations of the nineteenth century". The work of Professor Gross is that of an examining judge, or "Untersuchungsrichter", and may be considered as a learned and subtle analysis of the witness, whose movements, gestures, answers, and evasions are noted down like chemical reactions. The victim's sensations are similarly tabulated; thus, the nervous current travels ninety feet a second; we feel an external pain about a third of a second later than its cause. Stabs, shots and blows are felt merely as pushes, almost painless at the moment, and people do not appear to feel the cold of an entering blade.

The professor notes as somewhat astonishing the fact that in certain cases a person after receiving a blow on the head forgets everything that happened some

minutes before the blow, but he says that the reality of this has been assured him by unbiased testimony. The present reviewer can give first-hand corroboration, for being once badly thrown out hunting, he could never remember the ride to the meet or the fall of his horse, which he mounted again, and then suddenly woke. The sensation was extremely startling, and at first, thinking it was a dream, he patted the horse and pinched himself; he next thought about fever and possible delirium, but a broken hat and the explanations of a friend put things in their places. The professor goes on to say that a similar condition often obtains where people have been struck by lightning, poisoned with carbonic acid gas, by fungi, or partly strangled. The last case he points out is particularly important, as the wounded person, frequently the only witness, can say nothing about the event.

The book will lose some of its value to English readers because our judges and magistrates may not carry out inquisitions, and even detectives in England, if not in "free" America, would not be allowed the powers belonging to the Continental examiners. But it is full of good things and heavy with side-learning; too heavy, in fact, for we get pages and pages of more or less abstract philosophy and metaphysics which are decidedly wearisome and often appear to be altogether irrelevant to practical problems and living interests. But we may overlook this Teutonic tendency to be ponderous when we remember how much of value the book contains; there are some grains of radium in this mass of pitchblende. For instance, "So long as two people converse unaware of each other's funded thought, they speak different languages". And again, where he quotes from Lange: "The object of instruction is to endow the pupil with more appreciative capacity—i.e. to make him intellectually free".

There is also much that is valuable in the work of Professor Lombroso—the third of this series—though we mistrust such terms as criminal class and born criminal. Men of insight like Mr. Thomas Holmes who have worked all their lives among outcasts and criminals, deny its existence; and Dr. Lombroso admits that he has observed "born criminals occupying high positions in the world . . . becoming useful members of society". It is sufficient to say that a number of people are born defective or possibly abnormal, and that, being either deficient in resisting-power or exposed to quite special temptations, they are only too likely to fall on the way of life, and to become outcasts or prisoners. We note that he repeats the complaint of the two previous writers: that the old jurists and the "men whose trade is law-making" have nothing really effective to propose against criminality. "This is why the prison, the worst of all remedies" (if we can call it a remedy at all) "will always be applied as the simplest and most practical means of safety". The book suggests a variety of social measures, some of which are not always consistent or even desirable. But Lombroso has been a great pioneer, and though he may exaggerate on some points, he has done much to call attention to the physical imperfections and lamentable shortcomings of our social pariahs, and he concludes the book, as we will end this review, with the wise words of Madame de Staël, "To understand is to pardon".

TANGANYIKA PLATEAU.

"The Great Plateau of Northern Rhodesia." By Cullen Gouldsbury and Herbert Sheane. London: Arnold. 1911. 16s. net.

"WHAT about Northern Rhodesia?" asked Lord Milner at the Colonial Institute one evening of last April. And his reflections thereon gave pause to those who, with more or less complacency or resignation, prepare to see Southern Rhodesia enveloped in the South African Union. The frontier appointed by fate for South Africa is no doubt the Zambesi; and when Southern Rhodesia, the Colony, shall have developed further, let her enter the Union and welcome. There

should be Englishmen by then in power and numbers answerable to their quality, to make the voice of the Northern (and British) Colony audible to some purpose in any Union Parliament. But at the Zambesi South Africa ends, and it will be an ill day for the Union and the Empire should any Parliament at Cape Town ever seek to handle these Northern Territories. Save that it is administered by the Chartered Company, North-Eastern Rhodesia belongs to Central Africa, not to South Africa. "Our vleis have become Nyika—which is surely a prettier word?—our 'suits' and 'spruits' and 'drifts' are merged in canoe ferries presided over by ancient heathen, who have the air of having walked out of some early book of travel. We call things more or less by their right names—a man is a man, not a 'boy'; and the 'nigger' has given place to the 'native'." North-Eastern Rhodesia is free of Dutch tradition in a word. It has no "call" to commingle with the problems and party politics of "down below", which in their turn have no relation to the problems of Central Africa, nor the leading men of the South African Union the faintest qualification to cope therewith. The railway will come, of course, where is now a six weeks' walk to Tanganyika from the present outpost at Broken Hill. The Cape to Cairo Railway comes steadily nearer; up from the North and East to the shores of Tanganyika move the German rails. White immigration will no doubt follow and Abercorn have electric light like Zomba, and a photographer's shop as at Blantyre, yea, even challenge rivalry with the Grand Hotel and Roller-Skating Rink of Bulawayo itself. But Northern Rhodesia will still be for administrators of the home breed, not controlled by Colonial voters, although the Foreign Office shall have replaced the Chartered Company. "Our international relations consist in an interchange of courtesies and cooling drinks with Germany in the North and Belgium in the West." Precisely; these names be enough, and this is going to be Imperial Government business. Fortunately the Foreign Office in acquiring an administration so devoted and efficient as that which Robert Codrington made, and wherein men like our authors now labour.

Meanwhile, in a world dispeopled of its dreams, the land of the Crocodile Kings "rimmed about by the encircling lakes" is still a blessed backwater where modern commercialism is unknown, though a true civilising work goes on in it hour by hour. Tanganyika Plateau lies between the eighth and twelfth parallels of south latitude and the thirtieth and thirty-fourth parallel of east longitude; from four to six thousand feet above sea-level, and consequently of huge potential value where so much of Africa is deadly to white settlement. Rhodes dreamed of these overcrowded islands sending forth thousands and tens of thousands to find new homes in sunshine and bracing air in those vast territories from which he had extruded our competitors. These are not days encouraging to hopeful prophecy. But if we last the pace, breed from our better stock and not from our worst, adapt our education so as to make men and not clerks, there is just a chance that between adjustment at home and preparation at the other end, the dream may come true. Be sure at least that white men will hold these territories;—white planters, working rubber, cotton and the rest with native labour, as in Ceylon, will spread white homes; we can but hope of boy-scout ancestry, not of German. Britons administering British tropical possessions, whether they despair or are hopeful of us at home, can but go on doing their best and vary their duties, "spinning their own mesh of interest in life", either in sport, for here is a country as much the paradise of the sportsman as East Africa or Uganda; or in study of anthropology and folk-lore, for here is the paradise of the ethnologist. The chapters on the "Crocodile Kings", "Animism and Witchcraft", on "Native Art and Husbandry", "Native Law", "Birth, Marriage, Death" which we owe to Mr. Gouldsbury and Mr. Sheane are vouched for by Sir Alfred Sharpe in his Introductory Note. They are extraordinarily interesting and should send Mr. Andrew Lang off his head. The authors profess their crowning

difficulty "the effort to present in terms which would be intelligible to the stay-at-home, the picture of the life which is led by a mere handful of white men and women scattered through a tract of country which is still in its infancy". They need have had no fear, their book is steeped in North-Eastern Rhodesia, has all he wants to know for every type of reader, and makes a picture on the whole so fascinating that one reader at least will really make that six-weeks' "trek"—no! "trudge" he means—from Broken Hill to Tanganyika, next time he finds himself at Livingstone. May Sir Charles Metcalfe not be in too great haste and make "Katanga the Clapham Junction of Central Africa" ere that chance comes!

BRITISH GUNNERS AT THE CRIMEA.

"The History of the Royal Artillery (Crimean Period)."

By Colonel Julian R. J. Jocelyn. London: Murray. 1911. 21s.

THE history of the Royal Artillery begun by the late Colonel Duncan and continued by Colonel Hime has now been carried by Colonel Jocelyn to the end of the Crimean War. To pick up the pens of predecessors so distinguished demanded no small courage, but Colonel Jocelyn, like his brother officers at Sebastopol, has shown himself equal to the occasion, and has accomplished his task with conspicuous success. In one respect it is but fair to point out that he has been at an advantage. The story of the Royal Regiment up to Waterloo last lost the personal note and is for the most part of antiquarian interest. Colonel Hime dealt with a period of stagnation, even of inanition, and as he has told his tale he could call in not even the semblance of a fight to brighten his pages. Forty years of peace and disuse were all but destroying the weapons forged in the Peninsula, and all that was left to him was to record the process of destruction. It has fallen to Colonel Jocelyn to show the practical results of former folly, and the actual effect of the teaching of the Manchester school of politicians. The story of Sebastopol is enthralling because it is a tale of splendid effort and self-sacrifice to save an all but hopeless situation. Starving soldiers are seen struggling to retrieve the stupidity or deliberate neglect of so-called statesmen. It is the epic of the British soldier fighting against a system rather than an enemy; but pre-eminently it is the epic of the Artillery, and more especially of the Siege Artillery. To some it may appear when they first glance through this thick volume that the siege of the Russian stronghold has been dealt with too minutely and that what purports to be a history of a regiment is in effect the military history of our Crimean War. But in truth to make the part played by the Artillery in the great siege intelligible it was necessary to describe the operations in considerable detail, and, since after the Alma had been fought these operations were practically confined to the plateau, the history of the Crimean War is to a great extent synonymous with that of the Siege of Sebastopol. Many writers from Kinglake to Sir Evelyn Wood have told us of the horrors of the winter of 1854-55, and of the privations endured by the officers and men condemned to undergo sufferings wholly unnecessary and avoidable had a little commonsense and forethought governed the actions of our Government. But the plain tale before us, told in language studiously temperate and restrained, explaining the technical deficiencies under which our gunners had to meet their opponents, will, we trust, be read and read again by everyone, civilian or soldier, who desires to realise what war demands and what preparation for war means. Politicians should study it if they would understand what the country and their countrymen suffered at the hands of one-eyed faddists more than half a century ago, and may suffer again, though the lessons of South Africa have been piled on those of the Crimea. Statesmen should refresh their memories as to the difficulties and disadvantages of trusting to

alliances when making war, and will draw a moral that will be of benefit to them of a very practical kind. Soldiers should read the book because in the first place it supplies them with a compact well-written history of the struggle in the Crimea which will place the main outlines of the war before them more effectively than longer and more ambitious works; and secondly for the sake of the bright examples of warlike vigour and manly courage that it sets before them. No one can pick it up for ten minutes without stumbling on some feat of arms or deed of personal gallantry such as will make him glow. What a chasm of time seems to separate us from the Alma and Turner's guns which decided the fate of the day, from Scarlett and the Heavies, from the Light Brigade, from the soldiers struggling in the fog of Inkerman, from the two heavy guns that turned the scale then! Yet are there men still on the active list who took part in the fighting—fighting where personal strength and readiness and pluck were conspicuous, where Generals still could lead their commands forward by voice and gesture, when the personal factor was still a compelling one. It is from the soldier's point of view that the tale is brilliant. As regards generalship its value is negative; from the statesman's and administrator's aspect it is simply an indictment. But whatever it may be to anyone else, to the gunners this record of what their predecessors did sixty years since must make a very cherished possession. When the war began the heads of the Army neglected them. Lord Hardinge could say "I consider the impossibility of Artillery officers being employed in the highest branches of the service not only prejudicial to the individual, but also to the country". Civilians were better judges than the Horse Guards. When Mr. Delane, editor of the "Times", saw the troops land in the Crimea he remarked that the batteries in contrast to the others preserved a discipline "which enabled them to turn out as if they were on Woolwich Common". "Nothing could be more admirable than our Artillery in the field", said the Commander-in-Chief; the Adjutant-General of the day welcomed their return with the words "that noble Artillery". We can therefore honestly welcome and commend a book which is of so wide an interest and appeals to so large an audience, and Colonel Jocelyn and Colonel Hime, who, we are told by the author, with excellent good taste, have had a large share in its production, are to be congratulated on the result of their labours, which, however congenial, must have made heavy demands on their time and patience.

NOVELS.

"The Reward of Virtue." By Amber Reeves. London: Heinemann. 1911. 6s.

For a change we are glad to have a study of femininity which is not worshipful. "Girls", said Mrs. Baker, congratulating herself that her baby was a daughter, "are so much easier"—meaning easier to bring up. Accordingly Evelyn Baker was brought up with the best intentions and in time duly married by her mother to Mr. Day, an excellent man—but alas! for good intentions. The Bakers were well-to-do business people. There are no material misfortunes in the book: only a strong sense of the infinite capacity of ordinary mortals for mutual misunderstanding. Nature seen through a temperament is the tag that occurs to one after reading this novel. Evelyn, Mrs. Baker, "Daddy", and Mr. Day are nature discerned very minutely; and even if one happens not to be in the mood to sympathise with the author's "mostly fools" attitude towards this material, it is impossible to deny that it is used with great skill to give point to that view of humanity. You may smile with the writer's mild cynicism or not; at any rate it strikes an individual note. "I shouldn't know what to do with a boy", said the futile Evelyn when her baby arrived, echoing her mother's remark on the first page, "girls are so much easier". So the wheel comes full-circle and we end precisely where we started.

"Bubble Fortune: a Story of 1720." By Gilbert Sheldon. London: Dent. 1911. 6s.

The Jacobite adventures of Joan Trevillian, attempting in the lovely garnish of a boy to carry treasure to the King over the water, are effective in a theatrical way. Apart from the misuse of the word as applied to her, the Sallee rover which Joan's vessel shakes off, not very convincingly, on the Cornish coast is the merest episode in the tale. But the pirate supplies a picturesque sensation, and some sixty or seventy years before she appears we should not have been at all surprised to find her lurking behind Scilly. The author deals quite vigorously in hairbreadth escapes and swashbuckling and intrigue, but we hope that before writing another "buccaneer" story he will equip himself with more than a nodding acquaintance with nautical matters. The names of ships are not and never were inscribed upon their sternposts, and although to muffle the sound of oars by wrapping up their blades is creditable to Mr. Sheldon's invention, we think something done to the rowlocks might have been more efficacious and usual.

"Ordeal by Marriage." By Conway Vere. London: Murray and Evenden. 1911. 6s.

Helen was governess to the two small girls of the Beaufort family, their elder brothers being Leslie (villain) and Dick (hero). The latter was a romantic Arthurian knight of modern times, and had vowed himself to the service of Alys (heroine), when he found himself forced by his ideals to espouse Helen, whom his brother Leslie had seduced and abandoned. The next stage is the ménage à trois of Dick, Helen, and the Child (Leslie's, nobly adopted by Dick). Enter Hugh, to make love to Helen. Discovery of her guilt by Dick; noble recriminations, for which compare "Guinevere". Conversion of Helen. Return of Leslie. Further complications, all unnatural. The knot is finally cut, apparently to the author's satisfaction, by the suicide of Helen, who brings about her death by concealing appendicitis. A hollow, shallow book.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Life of Napoleon." By Arthur Hassall. London: Methuen. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

The career of Napoleon from Toulon to St. Helena is related by Mr. Hassall in a highly condensed form; the political aspect almost exclusively being considered, and the military side being reduced to its lowest term. A Life of Napoleon it hardly is; if biography is expected to present character and personality, and reproduce a man as a human being in human relations. Until Mr. Hassall comes to St. Helena he nearly as completely as it could be done omits everything personal about Napoleon. Napoleon's ambitious designs to ruin the British, and his dreams of Eastern dominion, are almost our only contact with him as something other than the symbolic figure of revolution. Josephine and Marie Louise are just mentioned. We point this out to mark how rigidly Mr. Hassall has drawn his lines. The difficulty of getting such a vast mass of material into a volume of less than three hundred pages of large type is obvious; and the summary of such an event, say, as the secularisation of the Holy Roman Empire does not tend to lively narrative; and perhaps in the end it is left obscure. Mr. Hassall's space was precious, and yet in many pages he is rather reckless of it; as when he repeats four times in three pages that the secularisation of the Empire implied the loss of Austria's pre-eminence to Germany. The two leading views of the book are, that up to the Treaty of Tilsit Napoleon was a beneficent scourge to feudal Europe; after Tilsit, that he sacrificed France to selfish and impossible ambitions and by them brought himself to ruin; and that the conquest of the East was the ulterior object of his projected conquest of Europe.

"Egyptian Aesthetics." By René Francis. London: Seeker. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

This is not in any sense a formal study of Egyptian art. The author is one who has travelled into Egypt; who has paused before the monuments and temples; and has liberally yielded to his emotions. These emotions are very natural in one who undoubtedly is accessible to the æsthetic appeal; and they are a creditable witness to his taste and right feeling. But we are too often reminded of Hamlet's answer to

Polonius, who asked him: "What do you read, my lord?" "Words, words, words." Thus we read of sunsets that "In Europe the colours are either entirely lacking, or else laid on in great, vivid splashes of trumpet-herald red, of high, clarion-echoing orange, of massive drum-thudding brown and slow-sounding purple . . .". In spite of this we have read many of the writer's pages with some pleasure. His admiration of some of the masterpieces of Egyptian art rings frank and true. If he were a little less drunk with words, and a little more strict in his terms when nearing the difficult places of criticism, his book would be even of some importance.

"A Little History of Music." By Annette Hullah. London: Arnold. 5s. net.

When a child is old enough to understand the fundamental differences between a Bach harpsichord suite and a Beethoven pianoforte sonata, he or she will certainly repel with haughty scorn any attempt to teach it anything of the history of music through the antiquated medium of baby-language. The infantile minds of a past generation may have been coaxed or coerced into enduring such an indignity; but we are doubtful, and most emphatically no juvenile of to-day would. To begin with, then, in the jargon she adopts Miss Hullah has made a fatal mistake. Secondly, apart from this, her book is not worth reading: in elementary matters she is frequently wrong.

"Causeries on English Pewter." By A. de Navarro. London: "Country Life" and George Newnes. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

Since the exhibition of pewter at Clifford's Inn Hall and publication of Mr. Massé's book on pewter plate, collectors have been busy looking for such relics as may have escaped the melting-pot. Kitchen stuff which might have brought a few pence ten years ago can command as many shillings to-day, and, as pewter is very easy to forge, faked antiques are on the market in large quantity, and, we are sorry to say, find a ready market. There is no need to introduce readers of "Country Life" to Mr. de Navarro, for they will recognise most of the illustrations in his book on English pewter as old friends, and the "Causeries"—what is a "Causerie"?—consist of contributions to that periodical extending over some years. The plates show good solid examples of the pewterer's craft, but the wooden trenchers and salts seem out of place amongst them, and it would have been better to leave them out. We notice Mr. de Navarro gives a new description of the interesting piece exhibited in Plate X; in "Country Life", 22 October 1904, it figures as an "inkstand" (French), seventeenth century; it is now stated to be a "Chrismatory in the shape of a Reliquary."

"The Sport of Shooting." By Owen Jones. London: Arnold. 1911. 10s. 6d.

The gentleman-keeper has had a short and sharp vogue; and his emergence has had at least this advantage, that one or two good books have been written. No one has such an opportunity of learning wood-lore as the keeper and the poacher; and both are unlikely to put their experience on paper. In his latest book Mr. Owen Jones spreads his experience more thinly and writes with more pretentious egotism. But out of a great deal of talk, that lacks both charm and use, emerge quite a number of good hints, especially for the young sportsman. As loader and keeper his coach has had an excellent opportunity of noting the errors of the indifferent shot; and though there is nothing which would be of much use or interest to those who have reached a fair pitch of excellence, the hints, which are simple and genuine, should be invaluable to beginners. They issue from the real personal experience of a genuine enthusiast. The last eight chapters are a hotch-potch of gossip and hints, on such mixed subjects as tipping, training retrievers, netting rabbits, dealing with poaching dogs. It will ease the minds of some sportsmen to know that "tips" are much smaller than they are usually thought to be. One is glad to see the idea discouraged that the size of the tip should be strictly regulated by the size of the bag.

For this Week's Books see page 58.

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4. To transact general business.

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